HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VIII.—No. 410.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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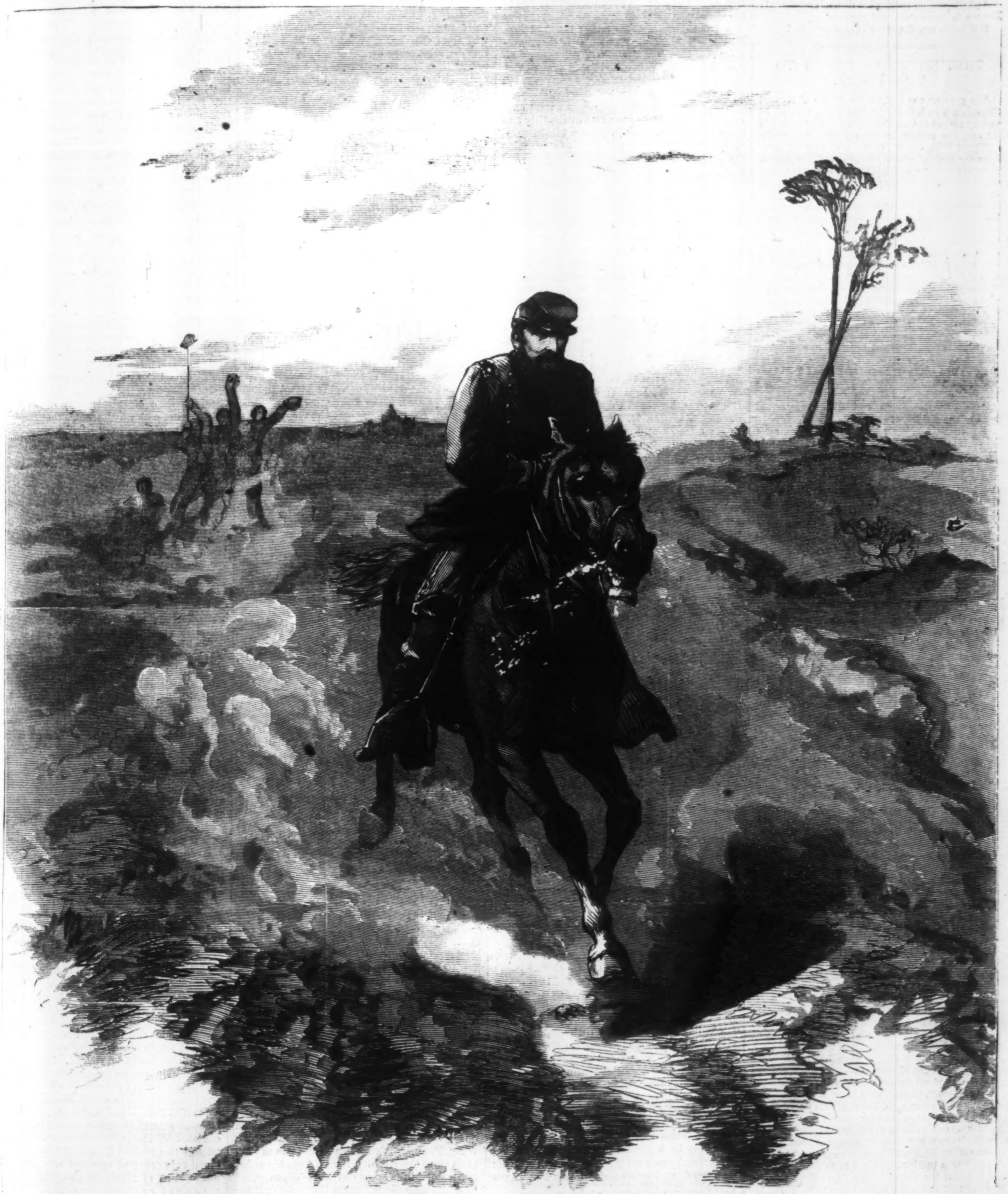


PHIL SHERIDAN'S RIDE TO THE FRONT, OCTOBER 19, 1864.—[See next Page.]

OH, WANTON WIND!

BY MILES O'REILLY.

Oh, wanton wind! warm, kissing, kind,
Thy zephyrs turned my Laura's tresses;
Bathed lip and hand with fragrance bland,
And even fanned those deep recesses
Where love is seen, warm-couched, serene,
Asleep between two summer billows;
Oh, heedless wind! to beauty blind,
Where couldst thou find more tempting pillows?

The lily bell, whose anthers tell
The time so well, by you set ringing;
The rival rose, wherein repose
Queen Mab, and those unto her clinging;
The violet sweet, the daisy neat—
Should I repeat each fragrant blossom—
Oh, careless wind! could all combined
So please thy mind as Laura's bosom?

Insensate still! hence, hence and fill
The idle sail of yon bright vessel!
And yet—ah, stay! ere hence you stray
Leave me, I pray, your right to nestle;
Give me to seek her damask cheek,
And whispering speak what thou ne'er dreamest;
For me to lie one moment nigh
Her heart and die, were bliss supremest!

PHIL SHERIDAN RIDING TO THE FRONT.

We give on our first page a sketch of General Sheridan's arrival on the field October 19. The victory gained at Cedar Creek that day surpassed in interest the victory gained precisely one month earlier at Winchester. It was a victory following upon the heels of apparent reverse, and therefore reflecting peculiar credit on the brave commander to whose timely arrival upon the field the final success of the day must be attributed.

The General was at Winchester in the early morning when the enemy attacked—fifteen miles distant from the field of operations. General Wright was in command. The enemy had approached under cover of a heavy fog, and flanking the extreme right of the Federal line, held by Crook's Corps, and attacking in the centre, had thrown the entire line into confusion, and driven it several miles. The stragglers to the rear were fearfully numerous, and the enemy was pushing on, turning against the Federals a score of guns already captured from them.

This was the situation a little before noon when Sheridan came on the field, riding, says one of his staff, so that the devil himself could not have kept up. A staff-officer meeting him pronounced the situation of the army to be "awful."

"Pshaw," said Sheridan, "it's nothing of the sort. It's all right, or we'll fix it right!"

Sheridan hastened to his cavalry on the extreme left. "Galloping past the batteries," says the *World* correspondent, "to the extreme left of the line held by the cavalry, he rode to the front, took off his hat and waved it, while a cheer went up from the ranks not less hearty and enthusiastic than that which greeted him after the battle of Winchester. Generals rode out to meet him, officers waved their swords, men threw up their hats in an extremity of glee. General Custer, discovering Sheridan at the moment he arrived, rode up to him, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. Waiting for no other parley than simply to exchange greeting, and to say, 'This retreat must be stopped!' Sheridan broke loose and began galloping down the lines, along the whole front of the army. Every where the enthusiasm caused by his appearance was the same."

The line was speedily re-formed; provost-marshals brought in stragglers by the scores; the retreating army turned its face to the foe. An attack just about to be made was repulsed, and the tide of battle turned. Then Sheridan's time was come. A cavalry charge was ordered against right and left flank of the enemy, and then a grand advance of the three infantry corps from left to right on the enemy's centre. "On through Middletown," says the correspondent above quoted, "and beyond, the enemy hurried, and the Army of the Shenandoah pursued. The roar of musketry now had a gleeful, dancing sound. The guns fired shotted salutes of victory. Custer and Merritt, charging in on right and left, doubled up the flanks of the foe, taking prisoners, slashing, killing, driving as they went. The march of the infantry was more majestic and more terrible. The lines of the foe swayed and broke before it every where. Beyond Middletown, on the battle-field fought over in the morning, their columns were completely overthrown and disorganized. They fled along the pike and over the fields like sheep."

Thus on through Strasburg with two brigades of cavalry at their heels. Two thousand prisoners were gathered together, though there was not a sufficient guard to send them all to the rear. The guns lost in the morning were recaptured, and as many more taken, making fifty in all, and, according to Sheridan's report, the enemy reached Mount Jackson without an organized regiment.

The scene at Sheridan's head-quarters at night after the battle was wildly exciting. "General Custer arrived about 9 o'clock. The first thing he did was to hug General Sheridan with all his might, lifting him in the air, whirling him around and around, with the shout: 'By ——, we've cleaned them out and got the guns!' Catching sight of General Torbert, Custer went through the same proceeding with him, until Torbert was forced to cry out: 'There, there, old fellow; don't capture me!'"

Sheridan's ride to the front, October 19, 1864, will go down in history as one of the most important and exciting events which have ever given interest to a battle-scene; and to this event will be attributed the victory of the day. Says General Grant, "Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamps Sheridan what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of Generals."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 5, 1864.

THE JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY.

The call for a meeting of old Democrats who believe that we should first exhaust the rebel armies before we attempt "to exhaust all the resources of statesmanship," is one of the most remarkable signs of the times. It proceeds from old-fashioned Jacksonian Democrats, who have known no other party name or association; who voted against Mr. Lincoln in 1860, but who see that they must vote for him in 1864, or connive at national dishonor. It comes from men who can not recognize the Chicago platform as worthy of American patriotism, nor the candidates who stand upon it as representatives of the American Union. A Major-General who accepts, without a word of dissent, the nomination of a Convention whose whole movement proceeds upon the plain declaration that the war is a failure, becomes—as one of his chief supporters calls him—the "creature" of that movement, and such a Major-General can by no possibility be the candidate of men whose chief delight is to remember "the days of Jackson," and to call themselves by his name.

The call is signed by some of the most eminent and influential Democrats in the City and State of New York and in all the loyal States. They feel that the men who are now controlling the party do not represent its true instincts, and that the policy to which these men have given the name Democratic is so cowardly and dishonorable that, in scornfully rejecting it, there is great danger that the people will always associate it with the party name it bears. This call substantially asks what future there can be for a party which is led by Vallandigham, the Seymours, Long, Pendleton, the Woods, and Harris. It further asks what sort of Jacksonian Democracy is that of which Reverdy Johnson, Robert C. Winthrop, Washington Hunt, and Hiram Ketchum are doctors and expounders. It further asks what kind of a Democratic party it is which excludes John A. Dix, F. B. Cutting, Moses Taylor, Alex. T. Stewart, Gustavus A. Conover, Henry Nicholl, William H. Webb, Peter Cooper, A. Vanderpoel, M. Alshoeffer, Theodore Roosevelt, Edwards Pierrepont, Henry G. Stebbins, James R. Whiting, George B. Butler, D. S. Coddington, R. B. Roosevelt, James Wadsworth, A. A Valentine, Henry T. Ingalls, and J. A. Stewart. If these men are not Democrats, who are?

But higher than any partisan consideration is the patriotism of this call. These are men who have always served their country as Democrats. They love their party name. But they love their country more. And, therefore, they oppose a policy which is, although falsely, called by the party name. It is another illustration of the truth that the Chicago infamy is fully understood by the people; and that no letters, however painfully labored to obscure the position of the candidates, can possibly conceal it. M'Clellan and Pendleton are the candidates of compromise with rebellion, of submission, and surrender. When was that a Democratic policy? When was cowardice an American policy? If Andrew Jackson had said to the South Carolina nullifiers as George B. M'Clellan says to the rebels now: "Let us go into an ultimate convention," or had sweetly sighed with George H. Pendleton, "Let them depart in peace," no body of stanch and unconditional American patriots would ever have called themselves the Jacksonian Democracy.

If Douglas had lived, instead of whining, "It's a very expensive war, and we're dreadfully whipped, and Slavery is so very divine: let's ask them for peace," he would have cried, with the Union men of to-day—"Let's have emancipation and more uncompromising war," and he, like Lincoln, would have carried the country.

SHERIDAN.

General Philip Sheridan differs from the Chicago Convention. That patriotic body, led by Horatio Seymour, pronounced the war a failure. "Do you think so?" cries Sheridan, as he and his brave men turn the tide of battle and win another glorious victory. It is a victory won over the army of Early reinforced from Richmond. It is a victory under which Lee must wince and reel, for if he can not hold the Valley he can not hold Richmond. It is a victory which infinitely increases the spirit of Sheridan's army and disheartens the enemy, for it was wrung from apparent defeat. It is a victory which illustrates his military genius, for few generals have ever done what Sheridan did. It was not only a battle turned, but a defeat retrieved. The exulting enemy was routed, and lost his trains and guns. Such victories are won only by a general who entirely trusts his army; and by an army which knows and loves its general, and would gladly follow him wherever he led.

Thus the national campaign of 1864 draws to a close more magnificently than any previous one, while the whole military movement of the rebellion shows the spasmodic fury of desperation. Hood's march to Sherman's rear, Price's marauding invasion of Missouri, the raid upon St. Albans in Vermont, the guerrilla gusts that dash into our lines and are gone, the serious debate in the rebel papers upon the arming of slaves, and the loss and rout with which every rebel plunge is baffled—all these things betray the fierce and fruitless energy of despair.

And this sudden activity along the rebel lines is in concert with the Chicago movement. It is meant to vex and harass the public mind with doubts and fears, to appall the timid, and weaken the feeble. If the rebels can gain an advantage, however slight, at any point, they know, and the whole world knows, that they increase the chances of the election of Pendleton and M'Clellan. That alone shows that the Chicago candidates represent the policy of submission and surrender. Let the people of the United States elect General M'Clellan for their President and they declare that the war is a failure, and that the country has no hope but in the best terms the rebels may choose to allow. They own that they are conquered, and they deliberately decide to supplant Grant by Fitz-John Porter, who, from the days of West Point, has held a singular ascendency over General M'Clellan; to substitute Don Carlos Buell for Sherman; and some General Patterson for Philip Sheridan.

With Generals of the Buell school in the field, with politicians like Horatio Seymour, Wickliffe, Cox, Long, and Company, in the Cabinet, the overthrow of the essential principle of the American Government is assured. For the policy they support is compromise with rebellion, and that is the confession that the authority of the Government can not be maintained. But while Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Farragut are clearly seen by the American people, those people can not mistake the issue, and will not vote for their own disgrace.

AGREEABLE TO REBELS.

A great deal of Copperhead appeal is to this point—that Mr. Lincoln is a very distasteful man to the rebels, and they will never submit so long as he is President; but General M'Clellan is more agreeable to them, and they will be much more disposed to succumb to him.

There are two things to be considered in this astute argument. The first is, that if citizens refusing to yield to the result of a Constitutional election because of their personal dislike of the candidate elected, are to be bribed into quiet by having that man set aside, they accomplish their rebellion and overthrow the Government. And they overthrow it upon a pretense so utterly puerile as to be absurd. In the present case the objection of the rebels to Mr. Lincoln is that he is identified with the supremacy of the Government, which is the very reason why we ought not to displace him before the insurgents submit. They should be made to yield to the authority of the Government in the person of the man under whose administration they defied it, for then there will be no confusion in their minds. In the rebel view Mr. Lincoln is identical with the Government, and yielding while he is its representative they will understand that they are subdued. If they dictate a choice of persons, and we comply, they will feel, as they ought, that it is not they, but the people, who have yielded. To urge the defeat of Mr. Lincoln upon such a ground as this is to show at once that your sympathy is with the rebels.

The second point is, that if General M'Clellan is more agreeable to the rebels than Mr. Lincoln, it is not an honorable fact for the General. For they can prefer him only because they believe him to be less inflexibly devoted to the Union and Government; or because they believe that they can coerce him to their will, or because they are grateful for his unwillingness to hurt them. These are reasons for the rebels to pray for his success: but they are not reasons for loyal citizens to vote for him.

MR. PENDLETON'S "OLD FAITH"

Mr. George H. Pendleton, the Chicago candidate for Vice-President, has written a letter, in which he says that "there is no one who cherishes a greater regard for the Union, who has a higher sense of its inestimable benefits, who would more earnestly labor for its restoration *by all means which will effect that end*, than myself." He says also that he makes no profession of a new faith, that he only repeats that of an old one.

This letter, like General M'Clellan's, is intended to confuse the public mind. Nobody ever charged that Mr. Pendleton was opposed to the Union. But he himself frankly tells us that if any State chooses to secede, the United States Government has no right and no power to prevent it. This is his "old faith," which this letter assures us that he has not changed.

Mr. Pendleton's speeches and votes in Congress since the rebellion began, from his elaborate effort in the session of 1860-'61, in which he declares for the extremest Calhoun doctrine of State sovereignty, and insists that the National Government has no authority to enforce its laws or maintain its existence—from the time when he said of the States, "If your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace," down to the moment when "he thanked God that he had not voted a man or a dollar for this abolition war," have been frank and consistent, and this letter shows it.

The New York *Daily News*, the leading peace organ in this country, says, with perfect truth:

> "Mr. Pendleton's letter can take its place upon his record in perfect accord with his antecedents *as a consistent and earnest leader of the Peace Democracy*...... Mr. Pendleton has never been evasive or equivocal in his expressions of opinion. His political past has been of too sincere and emphatic a nature to permit of misconstruction. Therefore when he reaffirms his regard for the Union of our fathers, when he expresses his belief that 'the Union is the guarantee of peace, the power, the prosperity of the people,' we appreciate that he is but uttering the sentiments of peace men generally; for we know well enough that he alludes to no constrained Union, no political companionship enforced at the bayonet's point, no system of government upheld by armies and navies, but a Union *based upon the acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the States*, and dependent on the consent of the people."

Mr. Pendleton does not praise the Union half as warmly as Jefferson Davis used to; and, like Jefferson Davis, he is very careful to avoid saying that he thinks it can be restored by force of arms. "*By all means which will effect that end*," says Mr. Pendleton; but as he thanks God that he has never favored the war, it is clear that war is not one of the means. But "an immediate cessation of hostilities" is a means; compromise is a means; negotiation is a means. And if all such means fail, then—"let the seceding States depart in peace." This is Mr. George H. Pendleton's "old faith;" and when it is the new faith of the American people he and General M'Clellan will be President and Vice-President—but not before.

THE TENNESSEE TEST OATH.

In his Augusta speech Jefferson Davis says: "We must beat Sherman, we must march into Tennessee—there we will draw from twenty thousand to thirty thousand to our standard."

It is to prevent these very persons from voting that the "Tennessee test oath" is proposed. The loyal citizens of that State intend that the rebels shall not regain at the polls what they lose in the field, and shall not obtain possession of the State either by arts or arms. Does any truly faithful citizen of this country object to any stringency of oath which secures that result, and defeats Davis's purpose?

COLONEL LOWELL.

Among the killed at the late great battle and victory in the Shenandoah Valley was Colonel Charles R. Lowell, Jun., of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, commanding one of Merritt's brigades. Entering the service at the beginning of the war, he was commissioned Lieutenant in the Sixth regular cavalry, and soon rose to be Captain. During the Peninsula Campaign he served upon the staff of General M'Clellan, and his great military skill and commanding character led Governor Andrew to appoint him Colonel of Volunteers. When his regiment was ready for the field Colonel Lowell was intrusted with the cavalry in the District of Columbia to watch Mosby in front of Washington. From this duty he welcomed the summons to the Valley at the opening of Sheridan's campaign, during which, in his daring and victorious assaults, for which his name was mentioned with constant honor, no less than twelve horses were shot under him.

At the battle of Cedar Creek, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, Colonel Lowell was struck by a spent ball in the breast. Removed from the saddle, but refusing the urgent request of Generals Torbert and Merritt that he would allow himself to be carried to the rear, he remained lying upon the field awaiting the order to charge. At three o'clock in the afternoon the order came. He caused himself to be lifted into the saddle, and although his voice was gone, so that he could whisper merely, he placed himself at the head of the column to which every whisper of their beloved leader was an inspiration. In the assault into the little town Colonel Lowell was shot in the back, probably from an ambush, and his frame was instantly paralyzed. But his mind was perfectly clear, and he at once prepared to die. Nothing was forgotten in those last hours by the tenderest husband, the most faithful son, the truest friend. Every final disposition was calmly made, and he asked to be buried upon the field where he had fallen—a request which was overruled, and he yielded. Without pain, gradually sinking, he lingered through the night and died the next morning, as only good men and heroes die. He was in his thirtieth year.

Gentle, brave, and generous; of a rarely blended manliness and tenderness; carefully educated at Harvard College, and thoroughly trained to practical affairs by wide travel and much experience of men; of a singular purity and nobility of nature, and entirely devoted to the cause for which he fought, he falls like his only brother, Lieutenant James Lowell, killed upon the Peninsula, and his brother-in-law, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, killed at Fort Wagner, in the flower of his youth and domestic happiness, another of the costly sacrifices that this nation offers for its salvation.

And so long as the grass grows green upon the graves of these dear and heroic youths, the hearts that loved and honored them are pledged more surely than ever to the overthrow of the system which instigated this rebellion to destroy the country, and murders our friends and brothers who die to save it. They die, these brave and noble boys, but they live. They live in our purer purpose, in our firmer resolution, in the surer justice of the nation. Against compromise, against concession, against surrender, this precious blood cries from the ground. God be thanked! no nation *could* be saved to which it cried in vain.

CHEERFUL FOR THE "ULTIMATE CONVENTION."

"My first effort was for peace," said **Jefferson Davis** at Augusta, "and I sent commissioners to endeavor to arrange an amicable dissolution. From time to time I have repeated efforts to that end, *but never, never have I sought it on any other basis than independence.*"

"It is asserted," says the Montreal correspondence of the *London Times*......"that the Hon. C. C. **Clay** and the Hon. **Jacob Thompson**, the Confederate Commissioners in Canada, have received instructions from Richmond to propose peace......on the basis of a restoration of the Union. I am able to state on the highest authority that Messrs. **Clay** and **Thompson** have no such mission.......*Their platform is Southern Independence, and that alone.*"

Mr. **Alexander H. Stephens** says the same in his letter.

Governor **Brown** repeats the same statement.

Herschel V. Johnson must have independence at least.

"If you can not or will not reconcile your differences," says Mr. **George H. Pendleton**, "then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace."

"Mr. **Pendleton**'s actions and records are the same as the records and position of **George B. M'Clellan**," says Mr. **Sandford E. Church**.

MR. PENDLETON AND THE REBELLION.

A few evenings ago Mr. **John Van Buren** introduced to a serenading multitude in front of the New York hotel, the favorite resort of secessionists in the city, his "erring sister" Mr. **George H. Pendleton**. Mr. **Pendleton** said that he was born in Ohio, and knew the sentiment of her people. But we all know what that is. Ohio told us on the 11th of October. Mr. **Vallandigham** is also from Ohio—and he knows her sentiments. He learned them last year.

Mr. **Pendleton** also alluded to a campaign document representing him as giving a vote in Congress on the 7th of July, 1864, when Congress adjourned on the 4th of July; and from this "fraud and forgery," he says, you may judge of the credibility of the whole fabrication.

But the student of Mr. **Pendleton**'s record will find that, on the 7th *of January*, 1864, for which evidently July is a misprint, Mr. **John D. Baldwin** offered a resolution with a preamble utterly denouncing the rebellion as "organized treason," etc. All who voted voted *aye.* Mr. **George H. Pendleton** *dodged.*

On the 18th of January, 1864, Mr. Smith of Kentucky submitted the following preamble and resolution:

> "*Whereas*, A most desperate, wicked, and bloody rebellion exists within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the safety and security of personal and national liberty depend upon its absolute and utter extinction; therefore,
>
> "*Resolved*, That it is the political, civil, moral, and sacred duty of the people to meet it, fight it, crush it, and forever destroy it."

Mr. **James C. Allen** moved to lay the preamble and resolution on the table. This failed, but Mr. **Pendleton** voted for it—yeas 26, nays 102.

The resolution was then adopted—yeas 112, nays 16—*Mr. Pendleton voting against it*, with **Wood, Voorhees, James C. Allen, Long, Harris** of **Maryland, Ancona**, and others.

On the 18th of January, 1861, at the beginning of the rebellion, Mr. **George H. Pendleton** asserted the right and power of the President to recognize secession in these words

> "What may be the constitutional power of this Government to recognize the secession of a State I decline to discuss at present. But this I say, if we should become engaged in a war with a foreign enemy, and a portion of our territory should be captured and reduced to possession by the enemy, and we should be obliged to make a treaty of peace on the basis of retaining what each party had acquired—*uti possidetis—acknowledging the sovereignty of that territory to have passed away from us, certainly the Federal Government would have the power to conform to our restricted limits, and to confine its jurisdiction to our admitted boundaries.* If war be dismemberment, as my colleague declares, has not the Federal Government as much power to treat that question now as at the end of a war? Will a conflict of arms confer constitutional power upon the Federal Government? If these Southern States can not be conciliated, and if you, gentlemen, can not find it in your hearts to grant their demands—if they must leave the family mansion, I would signalize their departure by tokens of love."

On the 16th of September, 1864, Mr. **George H. Pendleton** was in Dayton on a visit to his friend Mr. **Vallandigham**, and he made a little speech, in which he speaks of the Democratic party—meaning the Chicago Convention—"whose beneficent principles recently solemnly announced in National Convention will bring us peace." Those beneficent principles are, that the war has failed; that we must ask for an immediate cessation of hostilities; and go into "an ultimate Convention."

This will perhaps serve to show the "fraud and forgery" of the assertion that Mr. **George H. Pendleton** is of the ultra Southern States-rights school, as it certainly reveals the exact quality of his "devotion to the Union and the Constitution."

DAVIS AT AUGUSTA.

Upon his return from Macon **Jefferson Davis** made a speech at Augusta. It has the same wild tone of despair as that at Macon. "Words," he says, "will not now avail....... You must consult your heart: perform more than the law can exact; yield as much as freemen can give, and all will be well." In his foolish fury **Jefferson Davis** calls his loyal fellow-citizens of the United States "deniers of the rights of men," while he and the world know that the only reason for the war which he wages upon the Government of his country was that it was secured in the future to Liberty and equal rights. He and his associates rebelled to save slavery. They now declare it was for independence, and because of incompatibility. But the independence they seek is for the purpose of perpetuating slavery, and the incompatibility they plead is because of the existence of slavery. "We were a free and independent people, in States that had a right to make a better Government when they saw fit," says **Davis**; and his Lieutenant, **Stephens**, declares that they designed that better Government to rest upon the "corner-stone of slavery."

THE SAME RECORD.

In a late speech for the Chicago candidates in the city of New York Mr. **Sanford E. Church** said that "he could not see why any one should object to **George H. Pendleton**: his actions and his records were the same as the records and position of **George B. M'Clellan**."

If this be true, General **M'Clellan** is of the political school of **John C. Calhoun** and **Jefferson Davis**, as Mr. **Pendleton** is.

He then supports the extreme doctrine of State sovereignty, as Mr. **Pendleton** does.

He thinks that the States have the right to secede at pleasure, as Mr. **Pendleton** does.

He believes that the Government has no right to defend itself from the attacks of rebels, as Mr. **Pendleton** does.

He believes the war to be atrocious and wicked, as Mr. **Pendleton** does.

He is in favor of saying to the rebels, "Depart in peace," as Mr. **Pendleton** is.

If Mr. **Church** tells the truth of his candidate, General **M'Clellan** agrees entirely with the rebels; for if Mr. **Pendleton**'s theory of our Government be correct, secession is strictly Constitutional. What a pleasing President of the United States such a theorist would make!

It is wise to insist that the Chicago candidates hold the same views, for they will be obliged to follow the same policy if elected. Whoever votes for the one necessarily votes for the other, and they stand side by side upon the Chicago platform.

GENERALS AT PLAY.

While **Sheridan**'s name is upon all lips and in all hearts the following passage from **Edmund Kirke**'s "Down in Tennessee" is interesting:

> "At **Sheridan**'s I saw **Rosecrans** unbent. The bow which is always strung loses its power; so workers, such as he, wear out by constant working. The hour of relaxation is the time to learn any man, and I tried to study him. **Sheridan** had invented a game he called 'Dutch Ten-Pins.' On the lawn in front of his quarters, between two immense elms, he had suspended a long rope, and to the end of it attached a small cannon-ball. On the ground, midway between these trees, was a square board which held the ten-pins. The game lay in throwing the ball so that it would miss the pins in going out and strike them in coming back. To do this, a peculiar twist had to be given to the rope by bending the wrist, and it seemed almost impossible to avoid hitting the pins on the direct throw. Three 'throws' were a 'game,' and thirty 'strokes' could be made. **Sheridan**, by such practice, had become expert at the play, and could make pretty regularly twenty 'strokes,' but a novice did well if he made ten. He soon challenged **Rosecrans**, and the dozen officers with him, to the lists. **Sheridan** opened the play, cleared the board twice, and missed it altogether the third throw. 'Twenty,' cried the 'scorer,' and another player took his place. He did indifferently well. Others followed with more or less success, though none came up to **Sheridan**'s 'score.'
>
> "'Now for the General,' shouted 'the Major,' laughing as **Rosecrans** took his place. 'He'll score thirty, sure.'
>
> "'Don't laugh till you win, my boy,' answered the General, with his peculiar smile.
>
> "Calculating deliberately the motion of the ball, he let it go. Every pin fell, on the direct throw, and a general laugh followed. Not at all disconcerted, he tried again till he had played three or four 'games' with scarcely better success. Amidst the mock congratulation of the whole assemblage he at last sat down, and **Garfield** entered the lists. 'It's nothing but mathematics,' said **Garfield**; 'you only need an eye and a hand,' and carelessly throwing the ball, he cleared the board and scored twenty-three.
>
> "'You can't do that again.'
>
> "'I'll try,' answered the modest Brigadier, and he did do it, several times in succession.
>
> "'I can do better than that,' said **Rosecrans**, again taking the ball. A shout of derision followed the boast, but he quietly set himself to work, and, half a dozen times in succession, made from twenty-five to thirty 'strokes.'"

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

The speech of the President in response to the serenade from the loyal Marylanders in Washington is so manly and noble, so simple and characteristic, that we print it entire, and commend it to the thoughtful perusal of every faithful citizen, soldier, or sailor in the country, and ask him if this is a dangerous man to trust with the administration of the Government:

> "I am notified that this is a compliment paid me by the loyal Marylanders resident in this District. I infer that the adoption of the new Constitution for the State furnishes the occasion, and that in your view the extirpation of slavery constitutes the chief merit of the new Constitution. Most heartily do I congratulate you and Maryland, and the nation, and the world, upon the event. I regret that it did not occur two years sooner, which, I am sure, would have saved to the nation more money than would have met all the private loss incident to the measure; but it has come at last, and I sincerely hope its friends may fully realize all their anticipations of good from it, and that its opponents may, by its effects, be agreeably and profitably disappointed. A word upon another subject: Something said by the Secretary of State, in his recent speech at Auburn, has been construed by some into a threat that, if I shall be beaten at the election, I will between then and the end of my Constitutional term do what I may be able to ruin the Government. Others regard the fact that the Chicago Convention adjourned not *sine die* but to meet again if called to do so by a particular individual as the ultimatum of a purpose that if the nominee shall be elected he will at once seize control of the Government. I hope the good people will permit themselves to suffer no uneasiness on either point. I am struggling to maintain the Government, not to overthrow it. I therefore say that if I shall live I shall remain President until the 4th of next March. And whoever shall be constitutionally elected, therefore, in November shall be duly installed as President on the 4th of March, and that in the interval I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance to save the ship. This is due to the people, both on principle and under the Constitution. Their will, constitutionally expressed, is the ultimate law for all. If they should deliberately resolve to have immediate peace, even at the loss of their country and their liberties, I know not the power or the right to resist them. It is their own business, and they must do as they please with their own. I believe, however, they are all resolved to preserve their country and their liberty; and in this, in office or out of it, I am resolved to stand by them. I may add, that in this purpose—to save the country and its liberties—no class of people seem so nearly unanimous as the soldiers in the field and the seamen afloat. Do they not have the hardest of it? Who should quail when they do not? God bless the soldiers and seamen, and all their brave commanders!"

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE ARMY VOTE.

Rebels shrink from **Sherman**'s sword and Copperheads from his pen. A foolish story has been circulated that he had said ninety-nine out of every hundred soldiers in his army would vote for **M'Clellan**. General **Sherman** flanks and routs the falsehood in the following letter:

> "Head-quarters, Military Division of the Mississippi,
> In the Field, Kingston, Ga., *Oct. 11, 1864.*
>
> "My Dear Sir,—There is not one word of truth in the paragraph you sent me cut from the *New York Herald* of September 20. I never thought, said, or wrote that **M'Clellan** would get 'ninety-nine out of every hundred' votes in the army. I am as ignorant of the political bias of the men of this army as you are at a distance of a thousand miles, and I would as soon think of tampering with a soldier's religion as with his preference for men. I have not and shall not attempt to influence a vote in the coming struggle. I believe Mr. **Lincoln** has done the best he could. With respect, etc. W. T. **Sherman**.
>
> "John C. Hamilton, Esq."

JUDGE VANDERPOEL UPON THE CRISIS.

Hon. **Aaron Vanderpoel** says, in a late letter to a Union meeting in Ulster County.

> "I voted against Mr. **Lincoln** in 1860, and for **Horatio Seymour** in 1862, but now feel called upon, by every obligation of duty and patriotism, to cast my vote for **Abraham Lincoln** and Mr. **Fenton**.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "My doctrine is that, as the rebels began the war without cause, they must end it by laying down their arms and submitting to that Government against which they have so wantonly rebelled. I can see in the election of **M'Clellan** and **Pendleton** nothing but the breaking up of the Union. I agree with **Fernando Wood**, a prominent supporter of **M'Clellan**, that as the Chicago nominee he is bound to carry out the principles of the Chicago platform, which has not a word of fault to find with the rebels, and goes for peace at all events, and at any price.
>
> "I, too, am for peace; but I am for a peace which is honorable—not for one which brings disgrace and humiliation to the North. As the game now stands I am against making **M'Clellan** and **Pendleton** my peace-makers. My peace-makers are **Grant, Sherman, Sheridan**, and **Farragut**, and the hosts of loyal and gallant spirits under them; the sons of Freemen, who have so triumphantly pushed their ruthless foe to the last ditch."

FOR BOSTON.

The hour of the departure of the steamers upon the Stonington, or Groton, line has been changed to 4 o'clock P.M. daily.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

The prominent topic of the week is General Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah Valley.

On Saturday, October 15, General Sheridan went to Washington, leaving General Wright in command of the army, which was situated on the turnpike from Strasburg to Winchester, north of Cedar Creek, the Eighth Corps on the left, the Nineteenth in the centre, and the Sixth on the right. Still further to the right was Custer's cavalry division. The enemy, under command of General Early, was intrenched at Fisher's Hill, a few miles southwest of Strasburg. The Federal army also intrenched itself, occupying a line running nearly north and south, and situated on a commanding elevation. Monday morning, the 17th, the rebels made an attack on our right, which answered the purpose both of a reconnoissance and a feint, as it was intended finally to attack on the left. Tuesday passed without an engagement, and a Federal reconnoissance made that day appeared to settle the fact of Early's continued presence in force at Fisher's Hill. The rebel army consisted of five infantry divisions under Gordon, Ramseur, Pegram, Wharton, and Kershaw. With this force, amounting to nearly 20,000 men, Early attacked on Wednesday morning before light.

A dense fog favored his designs. Three divisions—Pegram's, Ramseur's, and Gordon's—were advanced against our left, while Wharton and Kershaw moved against our centre along the Winchester pike. The attack on the left was a perfect surprise, and, to enhance the effect, it was made without the usual preliminary of a skirmish. Almost at the first onset the works were taken and a large number of guns; the advantage thus gained was pursued; the encampments were overrun, and a large number of prisoners taken. In Crook's rear was a provisional division commanded by Colonel Kitchin, which was also routed.

The other two divisions at the same time advanced and attacked the Nineteenth Corps, which was exposed on its left flank by Crook's retreat. Here also breast-works and guns were taken. The rebel artillery meanwhile, posted in commanding situations on the opposite side of Cedar Creek, continued to pour in upon our disorganized troops. The whole left was soon retreating on the Winchester pike toward Middletown.

North of this road was posted the Sixth Corps and the cavalry, which had as yet taken no part in the battle. The cavalry, moving in rear, soon appeared on the left, where it checked the enemy's advance. The Sixth Corps followed in the same direction, coming up on the left of the Nineteenth Corps. Here the enemy began to be held at bay, and the entire Federal line was withdrawn a short distance to a more defensible position. The enemy followed close, and more guns were taken, on account of the difficulty in getting them off in time. At this point the artillery divisions suffered great loss in horses and men. After the line was formed there was yet enough of an organization to repel two vigorous charges of the rebels. To maintain a perfect connection with the cavalry on the left it was necessary to withdraw the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps still farther to a position just north of Middletown. Up to this time twenty-four guns had been taken from us, and a great number of killed and wounded marked the line of retreat, among whom were several able officers. Colonel Thoburn, commanding First Division, Eighth Corps, had been killed; also General Bidwell, commanding Third Brigade of Second Division, Sixth Corps. General Ricketts, commanding the Sixth Corps, had been badly wounded, and General Wright himself was wounded in the chin.

Sheridan had slept at Winchester the previous night, but hearing the cannonade in the morning he took his horse and pushed on toward Strasburg at full gallop, arriving on the field at ten o'clock A.M., just as the army had taken up its position north of Middletown. On his way he had met the throng of wounded and stragglers. The latter were forthwith gathered in by provost marshals.

The new line of battle ran as follows: The Nineteenth Corps on the right, the Sixth in the centre, and the recovered Eighth Corps on the left. Custer's cavalry was on the extreme right, and Merritt's on the left. The enemy attacked at one P.M., and was repulsed. At three o'clock Sheridan assumed the offensive and attacked. The cavalry made a furious charge on either wing, which was followed by an impetuous advance on the centre. The rebel line was completely broken, and the cavalry followed up the retreat, reaping the fruits of a decisive victory; all the guns lost were recaptured, and fully as many more in addition taken from the enemy: and 3600 prisoners were captured, including 300 officers. The cavalry continued the pursuit to Mount Jackson. The entire rebel loss is estimated at about 10,000. Nearly 12,000 stands of arms have been taken.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT TO GENERAL SHERIDAN.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to General Sheridan by the President:

> "Executive Mansion, Washington, Oct. 22, 1864.
>
> "Major-General Sheridan,—With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation and my own personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19. Your obedient servant, Abraham Lincoln."

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

Hood is no doubt retreating southward, with Sherman closely pursuing. No new developments have been made in regard to the designs of the rebel cavalry under Forrest.

October 19 an engagement occurred between Price and General Blunt at Lexington, Missouri, the result of which was a Federal victory. General Price is retreating southward.

THE ST. ALBANS RAID.

In the afternoon of October 19 considerable disturbance was occasioned in St. Albans, Vermont, by the appearance in that town of several marauders from the Canada side, who, under pretense of being Confederates, murdered a number of the citizens and stole a considerable sum of money from the banks. After accomplishing their object they returned into Canada. Captain Conger, with a detachment of men, immediately started in pursuit. They succeeded in capturing the greater part of the marauders and in recovering $150,000 of the stolen money. The Governor-General of Canada telegraphed, offering to respond to a requisition from the United States Government for the surrender of the robbers, as many of them as could be found. The raid was followed by considerable excitement, and in a few hours the whole frontier was under arms.

NEWS ITEMS.

The steamer *Roanoke* was captured by pirates October 7, while on her way from Havana to New York. It was taken by the same plan as the *Chesapeake*, and Braine, the leader of the piratical gang, was also the leader in the case of the *Chesapeake*. Braine has been arrested, together with his associates, and imprisoned at Bermuda. But the British authorities, as usual, have released them.

Henry C. Niles, a clerk employed in the city delivery department of the New York Post-office, was arrested a few days ago by Mr. J. Gayler, the Special Agent of [illegible] Post-office Department, on a charge of embezzling and rifling mail-letters. It was the duty of the accused to prepare the letters to be taken out by the down-town carriers, and it is charged that he availed himself of the opportunity to commit extensive depredations, especially upon the correspondence of persons doing business in portions of Nassau, Ann, Fulton, Beekman, and William streets. Suspicion at first naturally attached itself to the carriers for those districts; but the detection of Niles has of course exonerated them. The prisoner admitted his guilt to Mr. Gayler, and the clearest evidence of it was also found upon his person. He was taken before United States Commissioner Stilwell, and held to bail in $5000.

Brigadier-General Paine, commanding the District of Illinois, has been temporarily relieved at his own request. Brigadier-General John Cook, of Springfield, will succeed him in command of the District.

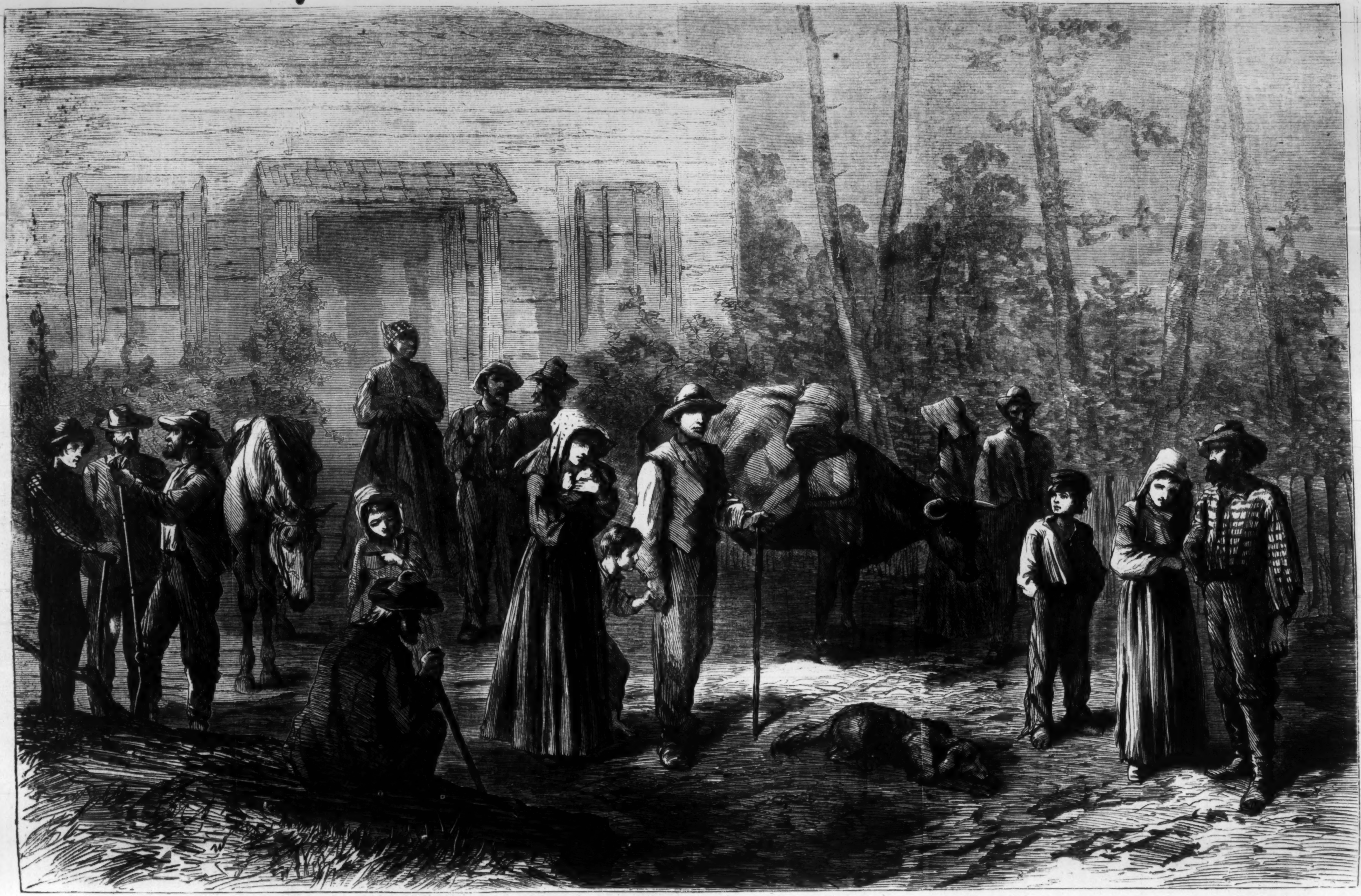
The County Volunteer Committee are now recruiting with considerable success. The bounties now offered by the county are $300 for three years, $200 for two years, and $100 for one year men, and the Government bounty is the same, which makes just double that sum paid to each volunteer. The Government is paying no hand-money, but the county is paying for a three years' recruit $50, for a two years' recruit $30, and for a one year recruit $20.

FOREIGN NEWS.

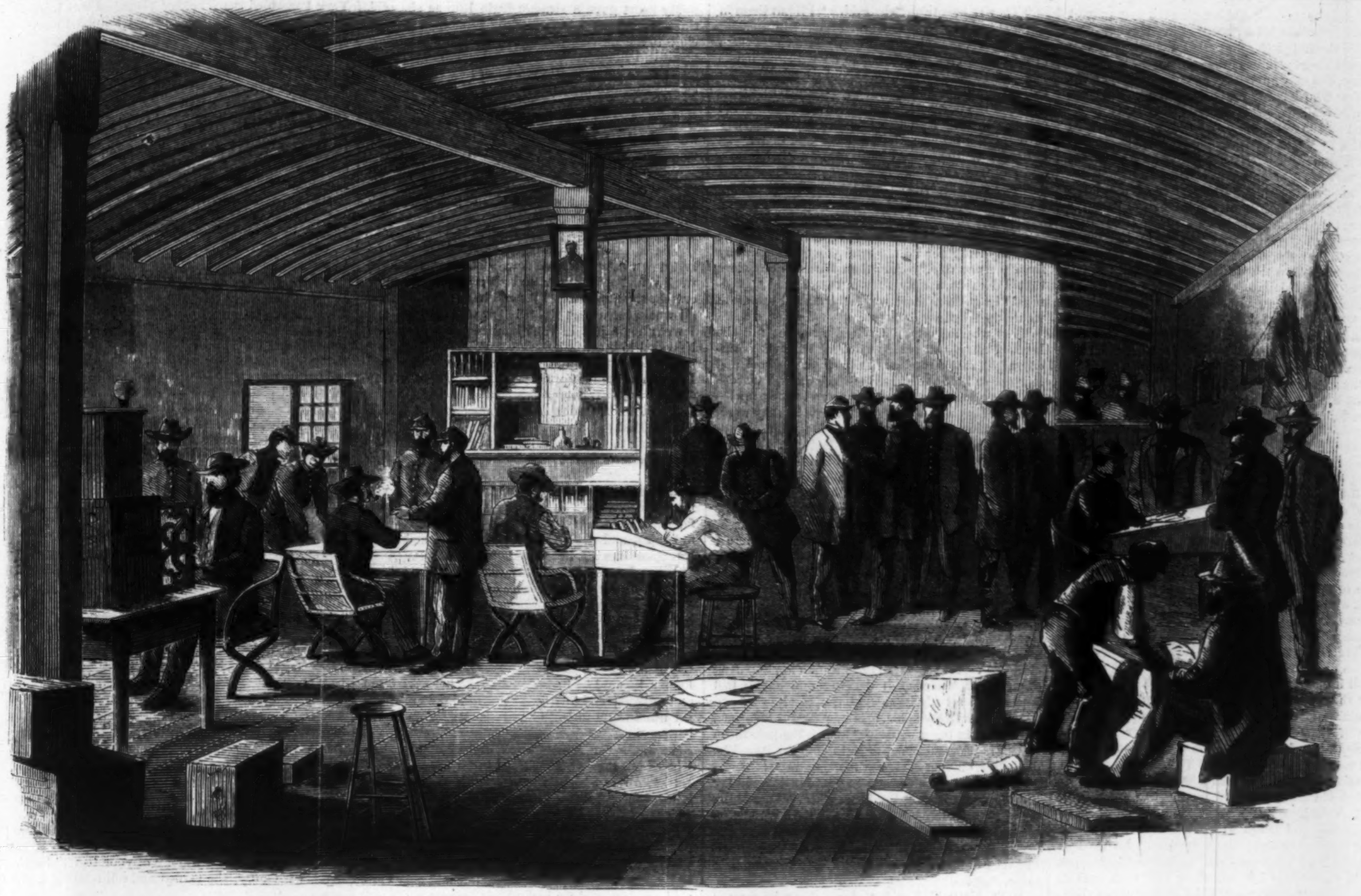
EUROPE.

It is reported that Captain Semmes has departed from Liverpool with 108 men for Madeira, where he will man the steamer *Ranger*, and proceed upon another cruise.

The commercial depression still continues in England. The Confederate loan was quoted at 55.



UNION REFUGEES COMING INTO THE FEDERAL LINES.—[SEE PAGE 717.]

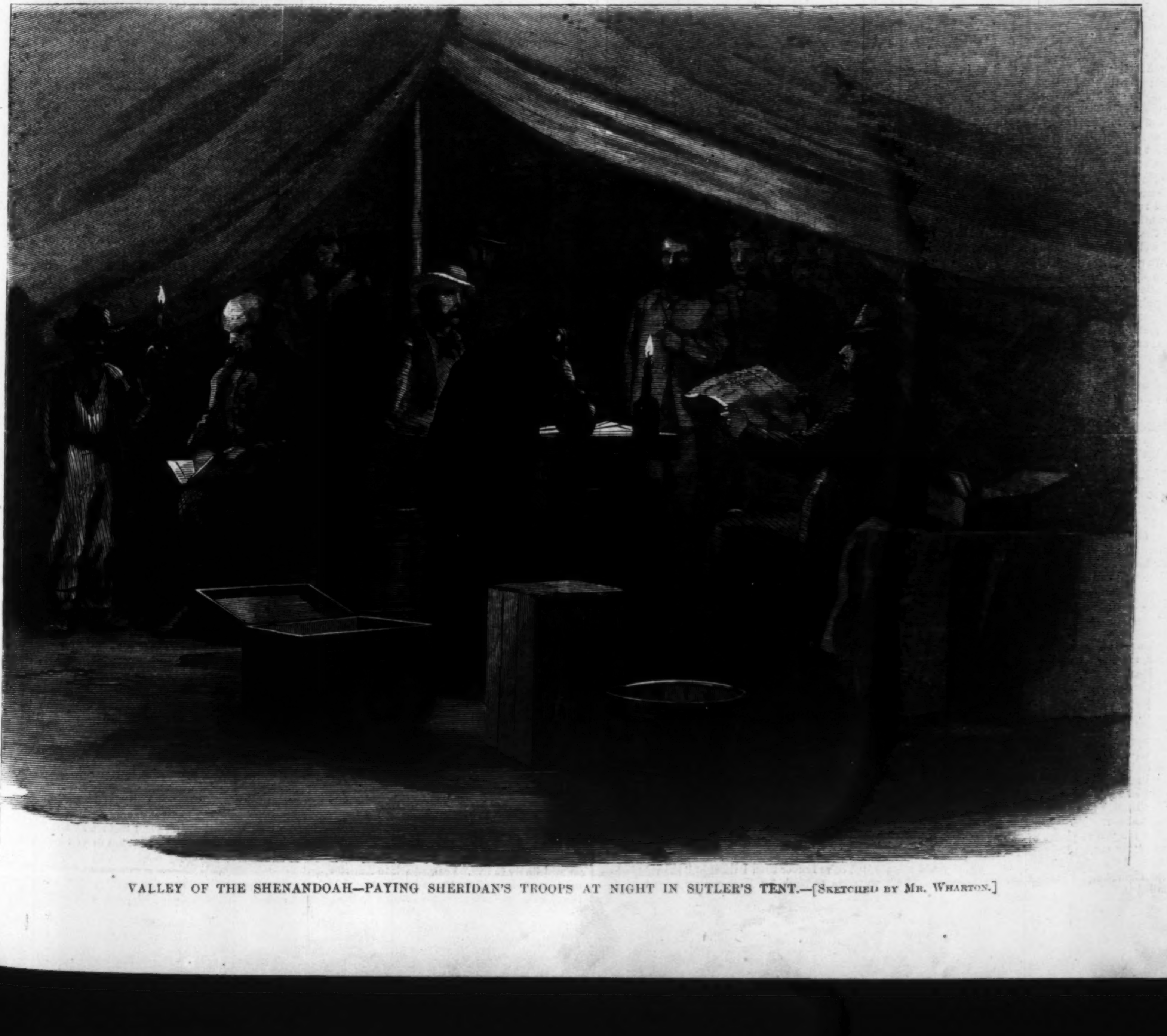


ADAMS EXPRESS OFFICE AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA. ON PAY-DAY.—[Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.]

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

We give on this page a sketch representing the appearance of Adams Express Company's Office, at City Point, Virginia, during the time that the ever-welcome Paymaster is on a visit among the troops. This time is selected because it is then that the officers and men of the army—the transmission of whose money forms the principal business of the branch of the Company located there—come in upon the office in overwhelming crowds.

"Few people," says our artist, "in looking at that rough, common-looking barge, moored along the wharf at City Point—and which many hardly recognize as the office of Adams Express Company, in spite of the large flag at the stern announcing the



VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH—PAYING SHERIDAN'S TROOPS AT NIGHT IN SUTLER'S TENT.—[Sketched by Mr. Wharton.]

fact plainly enough—could imagine the vast amount of business transacted on board of it. Having to do not only the freighting, but what literally amounts to the banking business of the thousands comprising an army, one may suppose is no ordinary labor; but very few who have not witnessed the *modus operandi* can realize how immensely that labor is increased by the necessary lack of all those technical facilities by which banking establishments are carried on, and which it is impossible to find at the temporary base of an army constantly in motion. It is an average thing, irrespective of the large amount of freight constantly going to and from the office at City Point, for from 50,000 to 75,000 dollars in money to be daily transmitted, in individual packages, from the soldiers to their friends at home; and there are days when the aggregate can not fall short of 150,000 dollars.

"These packages, after having their contents duly counted and receipted, have to be sealed up with five large impressions of sealing-wax, stamped by the Company's seal, and then read over and tallied—a tedious mechanical labor often reaching far into the night. The whole of the work in this important branch of the Company devolves upon one responsible agent and seven assistants."

THE PRICE OF A KISS.

WHEN I was a boy—a tall, strapping young fellow of seventeen or eighteen—father was a farmer, and owned that piece of ground yonder. It was a fine farm then, though they've cut a railway through it now, and spoiled it with their improvements. In those days we were content to travel by the stage or on horseback; and I must confess I don't think we've gained much by the change except explosions, though you mayn't agree with me there—youngsters never do. Just here stood old Wilber Trabb's tavern—the Jolly Farmer. Tavern was no disgrace then, though you'd insult a hotel to call it one now. They hadn't much steady company there; but folk stopped on the way up by the stage, and drovers and farmers on the way to market took their meals there. Of winter evenings the Squire, and the Doctor, and even the Parson, used to come over to taste old Trabb's ale and have a chat with him. He was a well-educated, light-hearted old man, who had fought when young in the Revolutionary war; and though past seventy could drink and laugh with fellows young enough to be his grandsons. Such stories as he used to tell of his own bravery and hair-breadth escapes would make your hair stand on end with horror. We youngsters never doubted a word of them then, whatever we may do now at times. With his large bulky figure, and red face, and loud voice, he was the strangest contrast to his daughter Mehetabel—Hetty every one called her. She was like some slender white lily in those days, and her voice no louder than some silver bell, and just as musical—a shy little soul just come home from school, and ready to cry with fright at the thought of having to take her place as mistress; for you see her mother had been dead years and years. The tombstone in the church-yard was just as old as Hetty, and she was the only woman about the house.

In a little while she grew used to it, and less timid; and then from looking at her at a distance I came to speaking to her. The first time was at the great gate that opened upon the road from the back of the house. It was heavy and hard to open, and seeing her little hands busy with it I went across and set it back for her; and she said, "Thank you—you're very kind to take so much trouble."

"No trouble at all, Miss Hetty," I said; "it's a pleasure." And then she blushed, and I felt the blood rush into my face, though I don't suppose she noticed it; for what with work in the open air, and the sun, and sheepishness, I was about as red as I well could be all the time in those days.

After that we bowed, and smiled, and spoke when we met; and at last one Sunday evening I mustered up resolution, and dressed myself in my best, and put a rose in my button-hole, and took a bouquet for her, and went across the fields to Wilber Trabb's. Two or three times I felt like turning back, or running off somewhere; but I screwed my courage to the sticking point and got to the door. I'm not sure, though, that I'd have made up my mind to go in if she hadn't been sitting there on the porch reading her prayer-book. She put it in her pocket, and looked up and smiled.

"How do you do, Mr. Maffit?" she said. "I'm glad to see you. Walk in." And she took me into the little parlor and handed me a chair.

I can remember that room just as if it was yesterday. There was a home-made carpet, red and yellow stripes, on the floor; and a mahogany tea-table you could see your face in between the windows; and all about the room was wainscoted and painted blue about as high as your waist. Above that was whitewashed. The mantle-piece was higher than your head, and had plated candlesticks and a tea-caddy on it; and on the wall were two paper profiles: one of old Wilber, and the other of his wife, cut at a fair when they were sweet-hearts. The chairs had rush bottoms and were painted black, and there were green window-papers tied up with tassels at the windows. Hetty wore a white dress and a check apron, and had a string of coral beads about her little throat. I remember it all like a picture—most of all her pretty eyes, looking down at the stripes in the carpet.

"It's a nice evening, Miss Hetty," I said, to say something, as I ought.

"Very," she answered. "I'm always glad of a bright Sunday. Rain keeps the people from church, and makes it dull besides."

"I saw you in church this morning," I said.

"I saw you too," replied Hetty, and then there was silence. She plaited her apron strings, and I stared at her.

"I see you've plenty of flowers, Miss Hetty," I said; "but mother has such good luck with her carnations, I thought I'd bring you a few, if you'd accept them;" and I handed her my nosegay. She smiled and took them.

"They're beautiful," she said. "I'll put them in water;" and she went out and brought in a clean, polished beer-glass half full of water and set them in it; and having something to do with her hands and eyes grew less bashful. And we talked about flowers and seeds and gardening for a good while.

When the moon was up we went out on the porch and sat there. And she told me about her city school, and a teacher who was very kind to her, and of her joy that she could be so useful to her father, and that he was so fond of her.

"For you see," she said, "I'd been away so long I knew nothing about home, and not much even about pa."

"I'm sure," said I, "the loss was his, and if you were my daughter I'd not send you to school away from me one day." And then I was so conscious that I'd made a silly speech that I said "good-night" in quite a short way, and wished the earth would open and swallow me.

That was my first visit to Hetty, but not the last. Pretty soon I went up to see her every Sunday night, and waited on her to singing-school, and had got so that I could talk in my natural voice—the first night it was only a queer husky growl—and could express my own ideas, such as they were, in something like comprehensible language.

Hetty had read more than I had ever heard of. She was well educated for a girl in those days, and she made me wonder at her smartness when she was not afraid of talking. She wrote a pretty hand, too, and could sing the sweetest ballad. My only fear was that I was too homely, and rough, and countrified to suit her. Father knew where I went Sunday nights, and laughed about my going sparking; but mother was anxious. She thought that Hetty was not just the girl for a farmer's wife, I fancy, and she had made up her mind that I should marry my far-away cousin, Ann Dolting. But I took my own way, and grew fonder of dear little Hetty every day. I hoped, too, that she liked me better. At last there had been an apple-paring at neighbor Welcome's; dancing and games had kept us up all night, so that it was almost dawn when I saw Hetty home. How peaceful the green fields were in the gray twilight, with the pale moon and stars just fading out of sight, and the dew, like diamonds, on every spear of the long grass! I had offered Hetty my arm, and the dear little hand lay like a snow-flake on the black cloth. Something—not myself, I'm sure, for I'd not have dared to—made me suddenly stoop my head and kiss the pretty fingers, and the next minute we were standing face to face quite still, with both her hands in mine.

"Oh, Hetty!" I said, "please don't be angry; but I love you so—you are so very dear to me. Ever since that first evening I've felt that if you should say I might not have that little hand to keep I should want to die. I don't know what there is in me to like; but, Hetty, for Heaven's sake try to like me enough to be my wife. The best and handsomest fellow in the world couldn't be fonder of you than I am."

She wouldn't look up. She wouldn't speak. I tried to see her face, and it was all wet with tears. But when I put my arm about her she did not seem angry, and I drew her to my heart and held her there long enough to kiss her twenty times; and then we walked on over the fields, and I thanked God for giving me so great a treasure. Old Wilber Trabb was not opposed to the match; but when I talked to him about it as Hetty bade me, he said,

"If the girl has set her heart on it she may marry you, but I can't spare her yet, and you are both young enough to wait a couple of years; so it was settled that we should be married two years from that time on my Hetty's nineteenth birthday. "All the better," said the old folks, and Hetty was content; but I felt anxious to have her all my own. She was so lovely that I fancied every man in the world must envy me.

As for my doing as I did I'd have staked my soul, and that's a pretty heavy stake, that I never could have done it. I was bewitched, I think, or Satan took possession of me. But this is how it happened. We had been engaged a year—Hetty and I—I think, when a pretty Southern girl came to Butler to live. Butler was the next village. She had an opportunity of making a show, for her father owned plenty of darkeys, and gave her all the money she wanted. She dressed elegantly, and gave herself airs, and wondered how any woman could do housework. A great black woman with slipshod shoes came with her to wait on her, and she never poured out the water to wash her own hands. She put silly notions into many a girl's head, but Hetty only laughed at her. Why I never knew, but she took a notion to me—she glanced and smiled—she wasn't troubled by bashfulness; and after a while I found myself talking to her a great deal, and thinking very often how pretty she was. Once or twice Hetty was silent and a little pale after the parties and husking-frolics where we met Miss Princely; but I never thought of her being jealous, for I loved her better than any living thing, and it seemed to me she must know it.

One day, or evening rather, I had been dancing with this Southern girl, and was about to leave her when she gave a little laugh and said,

"I thought you had staid quite as long as you dared."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh we all know whose apron-string *you* are tied to!" she replied. "I only wonder you dare leave her side at all."

"I dare do any thing I choose," said I.

"No," she laughed, "you daren't dance the next three dances with me."

"But I will," said I; and I sat down beside her. I saw her eyes glitter, and I did not dare to look toward Hetty. Soon the music struck up, and we danced together. Hetty had another partner. I envied him her little white hand, but I could not bring myself to be laughed at, and I danced not only three but four times with Miss Princely.

"You're braver than I thought," she said, when we were through, "Now run away and be forgiven."

My heart gave a strange little leap as she said those words, but I answered by a laugh and kept close to her all supper-time. People were talking about it, I knew, for all were well aware that Hetty and I were engaged to each other; but that girl's sneer seemed to have made a fool of me, and I determined to show her that I was my own master.

When I left her at last, she said: "I am going away the day after to-morrow for good. If you dare come over and see me to-morrow evening—"

"I'll be there," I said, and then I went in search of Hetty. She was not there. Dr. Bray and his wife had gone home early, and she had gone with them in their gig.

I did not stay long after that.

The best part of that night I passed walking up and down before her window. There was a light within, and every now and then a little shadow crossed the curtain. If I could have seen her then all would have been right, but it was too late, and I went home just in time to change my dress and be called to breakfast.

The day was a long one. It was a busy time, and I couldn't leave my work; but I thought of Hetty all the while. What apology could I make? I could only tell her the truth, and how meanly that sounded. "Tied to her apron-string," and she the gentlest thing that ever lived, who never strove to rule me. I almost hated Miss Princely for that speech now.

But Hetty was so good and sweet-tempered she must forgive me. It was the first time I had offended, and I made short work of the mush and milk at supper, and was up stairs and dressed and off in less time than it takes to tell of it.

When I reached the house, old Trabb was taking supper by himself. "Looking for Hetty?" he asked. "She's off spending the afternoon somewhere; took her knitting work and said she'd be out late. Sit by and take a bite."

But I was too restless, and hurt besides. It was one of my regular evenings, and Hetty must have known I would be there. I thought her very cruel and unkind; and then in a spirit of pique I made up my mind to go to Butler and see Miss Princely at her cousin's.

It was a three-miles' walk, and was quite dark when I got there. They lived in the only street of Butler, a row of white houses, with their gardens joining, just separated by pretty little hedges. Miss Princely was alone. "So glad to see you," she said. "I staid home on purpose;" and she smiled, and dimpled, and looked prettier than ever. Then she played to me, for they had a piano, and afterward the colored woman brought in coffee and cakes and cold chicken, and we had a little supper.

I didn't forget Hetty, but I made up my mind to enjoy that evening, and the supper over we walked up and down in the garden. Next door, with the hedge between us, some girls were chatting, but their laughs and voices were the only sounds that disturbed the silence.

"I'm going away to-morrow," said Miss Princely, after a little while.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said I.

"I don't believe you," she said, pouting.

"Why not?"

"You'd not care if all the world were going," she said. "If you were to hear I were dead to-morrow you'd never grieve."

"Indeed I should."

"Oh, you men!" she said, coquettishly. "But do you know my poor little bones quite long for home again? It is growing chilly here as autumn advances. My hands are quite chapped, and my lips, just look at them." She pursed them up in a very tempting way and I bent forward.

"I can't see," I said. "It's too dark, I must tell by the sense of touch."

It's strange how such a bashful fellow as I had been could have grown so saucy on a sudden; but I told you before I was bewitched. I had kissed her as I spoke, and she gave me a little soft slap, and said, "Oh, how dare you?" in any thing but an angry voice.

"They're very soft yet for chapped lips," I said; and just then turning, I saw in the moonlight a pale, frightened face looking over the hedge which divided the two gardens. There for a moment stood Hetty looking at us both. The next I saw it sink, and heard some one cry, "Why, what is the matter with Hetty? I think she has fainted."

How much she heard I never knew, but I know she saw me kiss that girl.

The next day a farm-hand brought me a little parcel and a note from Hetty:

> "I send back your presents," she wrote. "I wish you could return all the love I have given you. It is over now, but I am ashamed of ever having cared for one so treacherous and fickle."

Those cold words only. Five hours afterward I had left home and was far away, with only a few dollars in my pocket and a bundle of clothes on a stick over my shoulders.

A vessel was about to sail for England when I reached New York, and I shipped before the mast.

I went half around the world, and went to many a land. I never forgot Hetty, and I knew I never could be happy again; but I was most like myself in a storm, or when there was any danger that excited me. One thing they thought odd in me—I never cared to look at or speak to a woman when we went ashore; pretty or ugly, young or old, it was all the same. At last I wrote to mother, but not often, and I never asked a question about Hetty. I didn't care to hear what I supposed I should, that she had married some one else.

When my mother died father was not fond of writing, and I sent him presents instead of letters, and had no chance of hearing.

I'll not make my long story longer by telling of my adventures at sea, or how we came, after I was first mate, to fall in with a pirate on the high seas. We beat him; but I was wounded, and they took me up for dead. I lived, however; and though I had lost a leg, and had a great scar across my cheek, seemed likely to live. I came back to America, and my heart being softened by a long illness, I longed to see home and my good old father; so from New York I traveled to my native place. I was thirty-six years old on the day when I limped through Butler, where the stage stopped, and saw the garden in which I had given Miss Princely that kiss which had cost me so much. My heart was so full that I could have wept. Butler and our place had grown such near neighbors that they were almost one. Only two or three green fields lay between them. A new street had been built, and the tavern now stood on that. It was altered, and had wings and another story, but there was a sign—The Town Hotel, W. Trabb. A boy was lounging at the door.

"Is old Mr. Trabb living yet?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy; "and he's right smart, though they say he's over ninety."

"He'll not remember me," I thought. "I'll go in and see him."

I knew the way to the parlor, and I went toward it. The hall was oil-clothed and painted, and when I looked into the room I hardly knew it. Its walls were papered, and it was furnished as modern parlors were. But I did know the form that stood there—the slight, fair woman, with her bands of golden hair—Hetty—older, but not altered—the sweet girl changed to a lovely woman. She bent over the chair in which her old father sat, and, standing there, I heard him speak, his tones thinner than of yore and with a quaver in them.

"My dear, I wish you'd think twice of this. I'm sure John Westbrook would make you a good husband. I'd like to see you married before I die."

"Papa," she answered, "I'm too old to marry. I'm thirty-five."

"A mere child yet," said the old man. "And you might have been married twenty times. I don't want to lose you; but John would take the business, and we'd live together. Make up your mind to marry him."

"I can't, papa; indeed I can't marry John Westbrook. I must live and die an old maid."

"I can't see why you should throw your life away," said the old man.

"Dear papa," she said, "it is not wasting my life to spend it with you. I have never loved any one but poor Arthur Maffit, and it would be very wrong to marry without loving. He has all I ever had to give."

"The sea can not give up its dead," said the old man.

"Amen!" she said, and bent her head upon his shoulder and wept aloud.

Then I crossed the threshold and stood before them.

"Hetty, I am not worthy of your tears," I said. And, with a cry, she turned and fell fainting in my arms.

An hour after we sat alone together, and I said to her:

"Hetty, I have no right, altered as I am after so many years, to come between you and a better man. But I am very selfish. Can you forget the bitterly-repented folly of an hour enough to forgive and bless a man who loves you, and has always loved you, better than his life? Will you be a crippled sailor's wife, Hetty, or must I take my lonely way again, and bear my punishment until I die?"

I waited for my answer, not daring to look at her until she put her little milk-white woman's hand in my brown, rough palms, and left it there.

RETALIATION.

IN 1845 I was attached as surgeon-major to the military hospital of Constantine. This hospital rises in the interior of the Kasbah, over a precipice of from three to four hundred feet in height. It commands at once the city, the governor's palace, and the vast plain beyond, as far as the eye can reach. It is at once a comprehensive and a savage scene; from my window, left open to inspire the fresh breezes of the evening, I could see the vultures and ravens soaring around the inaccessible cliffs, before withdrawing for the night into their fissures and crevices. I could easily throw my cigar into the Rummel, which flows along the foot of the giant wall. Not a sound, not a murmur came to trouble the calm of my studies, till the evening bugle and drums, repeated by the echoes of the fortress, called the men to their quarters.

Garrison life had never any charms for me; I never could accustom myself to absinthe and rum, or to the petit verre de cognac. At the time I am now speaking about that was called wanting in esprit de corps, but my gastric faculties did not permit my having that kind of "esprit." I occupied myself there with visiting my patients, prescribing and dressing, and then I retired to my room to make notes of the cases, to read a book, or sit at the window contemplating the wild, gloomy, savage scene before me.

Every one got accustomed to, and put up with, my retiring habits, save a certain lieutenant of voltigeurs, Castagnac by name, whom I must introduce to you *in propriâ personâ.*

On my first arrival at Constantine, getting down from the carriage, a voice shouted out behind me:

"Tiens! I'll lay a bet that is our surgeon-major."

I turned round and found myself in the presence of an infantry officer, tall, thin, bony, with a red nose and gray mustache, his kepi over his ear, its peak stabbing the sky, his sword between his legs: it was Lieutenant Castagnac, and who has not seen the same military type?

While I was familiarizing my eyes with this strange physiognomy, the Lieutenant had seized my hand:

"Welcome, Doctor! Delighted to make your acquaintance. You are tired, I am sure. Come in, I will introduce you to the 'Cercle.'"

The "Cercle" at Constantine was the restaurant and bar of the officers united. We went in. How was it possible to resist the sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man? And yet I had read "Gil Blas!"

"Garçon, two glasses. What do you take, Doctor—cognac or rum?"

"Neither. Curaçoa, if you please."

"Curaçoa! Why not say 'parfait amour' at once? Ah, ah, ah! you have a strange taste.

Garçon, a glass of absinthe for me, full to the brim; be attentive. Your health, Doctor!"

"Yours, Lieutenant!"

And so I was forthwith in the good graces of this strange man. But it is needless to tell you that the intimacy did not last long. Castagnac had habits that were especially antagonistic to my own. But I made the acquaintance of other officers, who joined me in laughing at the originality of his character. Among them was a young man of merit, Raymond Dutertre, who said that he had likewise been obliged to drop his acquaintance, but that Castagnac having taken it up as a personal affront, they had gone outside the walls, and he, Dutertre, had administered to him a severe chastisement, which chagrined him all the more, as he had previously bullied with impunity, on the faith of one or two successful duels.

Things were in this condition, when about the middle of June a malignant fever broke out in Constantine, and among the hospital patients were both Castagnac and Dutertre; but Castagnac was not there for fever, he was invalided by that strange nervous affection called delirium tremens (and in our bashful army, D.T.), and which is especially common among those who in Algeria are given to the frequent imbibition of absinthe. Poor Castagnac used to get out of his bed during the attacks, and run along the floor on all fours, as if he was catching rats. He also mewed like a cat, but the only words that he uttered were, "Fatima! oh, Fatima!" A circumstance that induced me to suppose that the poor fellow had experienced some disappointment in love, for which he had sought consolation in the abuse of spirituous liquors.

When he recovered from his fits he would invariably ask the same question:

"What did I say, Doctor? Did I say any thing?"

I naturally replied that he had said nothing of importance, and bade him quiet himself. But he was not satisfied, and after trying to search my inner thoughts with his fierce eyes he would give up the attempt and resign himself to his couch, with the equally invariable observation:

"A glass of absinthe would do me a great deal of good."

One morning, as I was entering into Castagnac's room, I saw Dutertre, who was nearly convalescent, hastening after me along the passage.

"Doctor," he said, taking me by the hand, "I have come to ask you a favor. Will you give me permission to go out for a day?"

"Any thing, my dear friend, but that. The fever is still raging in the town, and I can not expose you to a relapse.

"Well, give me then two hours—the time to go and come back."

"It is impossible, my good friend. In another week, if you go on well, we will see what can be done."

He withdrew, evidently deeply chagrined. I was sorry, but could not help it, but on turning round was surprised at seeing Castagnac following the retiring suitor with a strange look.

"What was Raymond asking for?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing! he wanted to go out, but I could not sanction it."

"You refused him permission, then?" persevered the sick man.

"It was my duty to do so."

Castagnac said no more, but resumed his recumbent position, with a grim smile, I was almost about to say a diabolical expression of countenance, which I could not account for, but which filled me with strange apprehensions.

That same evening my duties called me to the amphitheatre, where an autopsy claimed my attention. The so-called amphitheatre was in reality a vaulted dungeon fifteen feet long by twenty wide, with two windows opening upon the precipice and looking in the direction of the high road to Philippeville. The body lay upon a table slightly inclined, my lamp was placed upon a stone that advanced out of the wall, and I remained engaged in my examination till near eleven o'clock. On leaving off at length, I was horrified at seeing the window blocked up by innumerable owls, small and gray-colored, with their feathers all erect, their green eyes sparkling through the semi-obscurity. They were waiting till I had done.

I rushed horrified to the window and drove the rapacious birds away, like so many great dead leaves carried off by the night wind. But, at the very moment, I heard a noise—a strange sound, almost imperceptible in the depth of the abyss. I stopped, and putting my head out of the window, held my breath so as to catch the sounds more distinctly. Castagnac's room was immediately over the amphitheatre; and below, between the precipice and the wall of the hospital, was a space, not above a foot in width, covered with broken pottery and bottles, the refuse of the infirmary. In the stillness that reigned around I could distinctly hear a man groping his way along this dangerous shelf.

"Heaven grant!" I said to myself, "that the sentinel does not see him. A single false step, and he is a lost man!"

I had barely had time to make this reflection to myself, when I heard the hoarse voice of Castagnac calling out from above:

"Raymond, where are you going?"

It was a condemnation to death. At the very instant I heard some of the broken pottery slipping down the incline, followed by the fall of a heavy body. I heard the sighs of a man struggling as if to hold for his life—a groan that went to the very marrow of my bones, and bedewed my forehead with a cold, clammy perspiration, and then all was over! Not exactly all, for I heard a diabolical burst of laughter above, and then a window closed with such impetuosity that it was followed by the sound of broken glass. And then the deep silence of night spread its shroud over this frightful drama.

After I had somewhat recovered from the state of inexpressible horror in which I had been thrown, I mechanically took the light, and, wending my way to my own room, I went to bed. To sleep, however, was out of the question: all night long I was haunted by those lamentable sighs and by that demoniac laugh. The next morning a feeling of horror came over me, which prevented me verifying my impressions till I had visited all my patients. It was not till that was accomplished that I directed my steps to Dutertre's room. I knocked; there was no answer. I entered; there was no one there. I inquired of the hospital attendants; no one had seen him go out. Summoning all my courage, I went next to Castagnac's room. A glance at the window satisfied me that two panes were broken.

"It blew hard, Lieutenant, last night," I remarked.

Castagnac lifted up his head, till then buried in his bony hands, as if in the act of reading. "Parbleu!" he said; "two windows broken, only that!"

"Your room, Lieutenant, appears to be more exposed than others, or, perchance, you left your window open?"

An almost imperceptible muscular contraction furrowed the cheeks of the old miscreant, and he at the same time fixed so inquiring a look at me that I felt glad of a pretense to withdraw. Just as I was going out I turned back suddenly, as if I had forgotten to ask a question:

"By-the-by, Lieutenant, has Dutertre been to see you?"

A shudder passed through his gray hairs.

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, he is gone out, and no one knows where. I thought, perhaps—"

"No one has been to see me," he interrupted, abruptly; "no one whatsoever."

I went out convinced of his guilt, but I had no proofs. I determined to wait and watch, and in the mean time contented myself with reporting the disappearance of Lieutenant Raymond Dutertre to the commandant de place.

Next day some Arabs, coming with vegetables to the market of Constantine, made known that they had seen from the road to Philippeville a uniform dangling in the air on the face of the rocks of the Kasbah, and that birds of prey were flying around it in hundreds. These were the remains of Raymond, and it was with the greatest possible trouble that they were recovered by letting down men by means of ropes.

The catastrophe furnished subject of conversation to the officers of the garrison for two or three days, and was then forgotten. Men exposed to perish every day do not dwell upon unpleasant topics. Jacques dies, Pierre takes his place. The regiment alone is immortal.

My position with regard to Castagnac grew, in the mean time, more painful every day. My actions were constrained in his presence—the very sight of him was repulsive. He soon detected it, and suspicion was awakened on his side.

"He doubts that I suspect him," I said to myself; "if he was sure of it I should be a lost man—that villain stops at nothing!"

Providence came to my aid. One afternoon I was leaving the Kasbah for a stroll in the town, when one of the hospital assistants brought me a paper, which, he said, had been found in Raymond's tunic.

"It is the letter," he said, "of a 'particulière,' Fatima by name. I thought, Sir, it might interest you."

The perusal of this letter filled me with surprise. It was brief, merely making an appointment, but what revelations in the name!

"What, then, those exclamations of Castagnac's in his fits," I said to myself, "had reference to a woman, and Dutertre had also relations with her. It was to keep this appointment that he had asked my leave to go out! Yes, the note is dated the 3d of July. The very day. Poor fellow, not being able to get out in the day, he ventured forth by night by that frightful road, and Castagnac was awaiting him!"

As I was thus reflecting I had arrived in front of a vaulted building or archway open as usual to the wind, and where an old patient of mine, Sidi Humayun by name, distributed coffee to a few scanty customers. I determined at once to consult this kawaji, so I took my place on the matting by the side of half a dozen natives in their red fezzes with blue silk tassels, and their long chibuks in their lips. The kawaji, without pretending to know me, brought me my pipe and cup of coffee in silence. Presently the muezzin was heard calling to prayers; the faithful rose up, stroked their beards, and departed slowly for the mosque. I was alone.

Sidi Humayun, looking around him to see that we were really so, then approached me, and, kissing my hand, "Lord Taleb," he said, "what brings you to my humble abode? What can I do in your service?"

"I want you to tell me who Fatima is."

"Lord Taleb, in the name of your mother, do not see that woman."

"Why so?"

"She is perdition to the faithful and to the infidel. She possesses a charm that kills. Do not see her!"

"Sidi Humayun, my resolve is made. She possesses a charm: well! I possess a greater. Hers entails death; mine gives life, grace, and beauty! Tell her that, Sidi; tell her that the wrinkles of age disappear before my charm. I must see her."

"Well, then, since such is your will, Lord Taleb, come back to-morrow at the same hour. But remember what I said to you: Fatima makes an evil use of her beauty."

You may imagine if I awaited the appointed time with impatience. I thought the muezzin would never summon the faithful to prayer again. At last his low, plaintive, monotonous voice made itself heard from the top of the minaret, and was taken up from one to another, till it seemed as if soaring over the indolent city. I slowly paced my way to the coffee-house, so as to give time to the guests to retire. Sidi was already shutting up his shop.

"Well!" I said to him, breathless with anxiety.

"Fatima awaits you, Taleb."

He affixed the bar, and, without further explanation, led the way. Leaving the main street, he entered the Suma, a passage so narrow that two could not walk abreast—a mere cloaca, yet crowded with industrious persons of many nations—Moors, Berbers, Jews, Copts, and Arabs. Suddenly Sidi Humayun stopped at a low doorway, and knocked.

"Follow me," I said; "you will act as interpreter."

"Fatima can speak French," he replied, without turning his head.

The door was opened by a Nubian slave, who, letting me in, as quickly shut it against the kawaji. She then lead the way to an interior court paved with mosaic work, and upon which several doors opened. The slave pointed to one, by which I entered a room with open windows shaded by silken curtains with Moorish designs. An amber-colored mat covered the floor, while cushions of violet-colored Persian shawls lined the divan, at the extremity of which sat Fatima herself, her eyes veiled by long dark lashes, straight and small nose, pouting lips, and beautiful little feet.

"Come in, Lord Taleb," she said; "Sidi Humayun has told me of your visit. You are good enough to interest yourself in the fate of poor Fatima, who is getting aged—yes, she will soon be seventeen—seventeen! the age of regrets and wrinkles. Ah! Lord Taleb, sit down, you are welcome!"

I scarcely knew how to reply, but, recovering myself, I said:

"You scoff with infinite grace, Fatima. I have heard your wit spoken of no less than your beauty, and I see that I have heard the truth."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "By whom then?"

"By Dutertre."

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, Raymond Dutertre, the young officer who fell over the precipice of the Kasbah. He whom you loved, Fatima."

She opened her great eyes in surprise.

"Who told you that I loved him?" she inquired, looking at me with a strange expression. "It is false! Did he tell you so?"

"No. But I know it. This letter proves it to me—this letter, which you wrote, and which was the cause of his death, for it was to get to you that he risked himself at night upon the rocks of the Kasbah."

Scarcely had I uttered the words than the young Oriental rose up abruptly, her eyes lit up with a gloomy passion.

"I was sure of it!" she exclaimed. "Yes, when my Nubian brought me word of the accident, I said to her, 'Aïssa. It is he who has done it. The wretch!'"

"Whom do you mean, Fatima?" I said, astonished at her anger. "I do not understand you."

"Of whom? Of Castagnac! You are the Taleb at the hospital. Well, give him poison. He is a wretch. He made me write to the officer to tell him to come here. I refused to do it. Yet this young man had sought for my acquaintance for a long time, but I knew that Castagnac owed him a grudge. When I refused he declared he would come out of the hospital to beat me if I did not, so I wrote. Here is his letter."

I went forth from Fatima's with a heavy heart; but my resolution was soon made. Without losing a minute I ascended to the Kasbah, entered the hospital, and knocked at Castagnac's door.

"Come in. What! is it you?" he said, forcing a smile. "I did not expect you."

For all answer I showed him the letter that he had written to Fatima. He turned pale, and, having looked at it for a second, made a movement as if to throw himself upon me.

"If you make a step toward me," I said, placing my hand upon the hilt of my sword, "I will kill you like a dog! You are a wretch. You have assassinated Dutertre. I was at the amphitheatre: heard all. Do not deny it! Your conduct toward that woman is infamous: a French officer to lower himself to such a degree of infamy! Listen! I ought to deliver you over to justice, but your dishonor would defile us all. If an atom of heart remains within you kill yourself! I grant you till to-morrow. To-morrow by seven, if I find you still living, I will myself take you before the commandant de place."

Having said this, I withdrew without waiting for his reply, and went at once to give the strictest orders that Lieutenant Castagnac should not be permitted to leave the hospital under any pretext whatsoever. Since Castagnac's guilt had been rendered evident to me I had become pitiless. I felt that I must avenge Raymond. Having procured a torch, such as our spahis use in their night carousals, I shut myself up in the amphitheatre, closing its strong doors with double bars. I took up my position at the window, inhaling the fresh breeze of the evening, and thinking over the horrible drama in which I was called to play so prominent a part, till night came on. Some hours had passed thus, and all was buried in the deepest silence, when I heard stealthy steps descending the staircase. They were followed by a knock at the door. No answer. A febrile hand then sought for the keyhole.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself.

"Open!" exclaimed a voice from without. I was not deceived—it was him. A stout shoulder made an effort to shake the door from its hinges. I moved not, scarcely breathed. Another and a more vigorous effort was then made, but with the same want of success. Something then fell on the ground, and the footsteps receded. I had escaped assassination.

But what would become of him? Once more, as if by instinct, I took up my position at the window. I had not waited long before I saw the shadow of Castagnac advancing along the foot of the wall. The hardened criminal stopped some time to look up at my window, and seeing nothing, moved on slowly with his back to the rampart. He had got over half the distance when I cast the shout of death at him:

"Raymond, where are you going?"

But whether he was prepared for whatever happened, or that he had more hardihood than his victim, he did not move, but answered me with ironic laughter:

"Ah, ah! you are there, Doctor; I thought so. Stop a moment, I will come back; we have a little matter to arrange together."

Then lighting my torch, and raising it over the precipice:

"It is too late," I said; "look, wretch, there is your grave!"

And the vast steps of the abyss, with their black shining rocks, were illuminated down to the depths of the valley. It was so terrible a vision that I involuntarily drew back myself with horror at the scene. What must it have been to him who was only separated from it by the width of a brick? His knees began to tremble, his hands sought to cling to something on the face of the wall.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the assassin, in a hoarse voice, "have mercy on me!"

I had no heart to prolong his punishment. I cast the torch forth into space. It went down slowly, balancing its flame to and fro in the darkness, lighting up rock and shrub on its way, and casting sparks on the void around. It had already become but as a luminous point in the abyss, when a shadow passed by it with the rapidity of lightning.

I then knew that justice had been done.

As I reascended to my own room my foot struck against something. I picked it up; it was my sword: Castagnac, with characteristic perfidy, had resolved to kill me with my own sword, so as to leave an opening for belief in suicide. I found, as I had anticipated, my room in utter disorder; the door had been broken open, my books and papers ransacked, he had left nothing untouched. Such an act completely dissipated whatever involuntary pity I might have felt for the fate of such a wretch.

ABOUT "LITTLE THINGS."

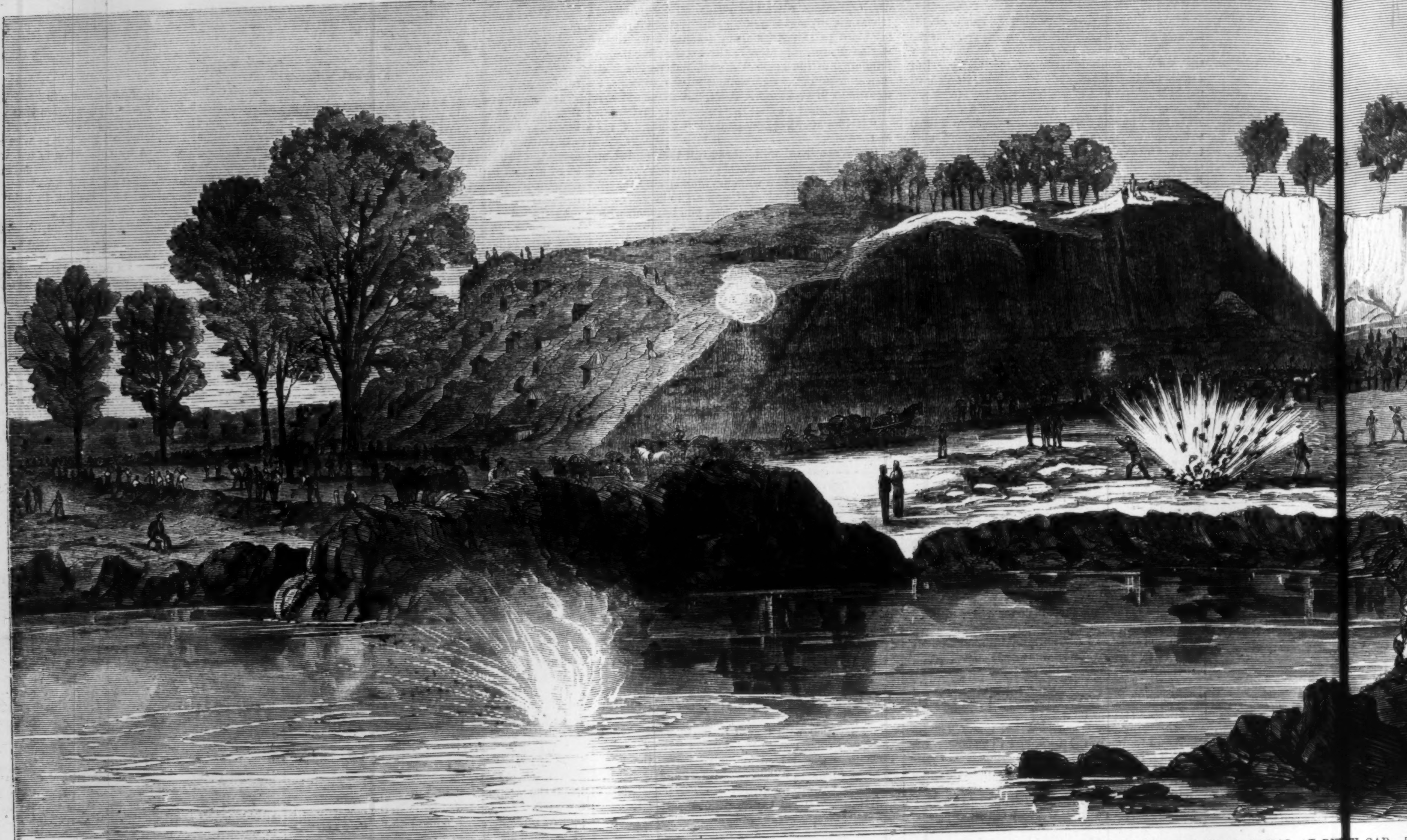
OH, it really is such a trifle it can not possibly make any difference! A little thing like that can do no harm. Any day soon will be time enough to put that to rights. It is so small that really it is of no consequence. These are some of the excuses for not attending to little things.

Nearly all great things spring from little ones. That is, as I used to learn at school, an axiom, something self-evident. A big man is a very small boy at first, and so a pig, fat at Christmas, weighing twenty score, at first is a very little squeaker. I was at a dinner party once when a gentleman quietly asked, if I should ever have supposed his wife, whom I had taken in to dinner, to have been, when he married her, a small person. "My dear Sir," I answered, "small beginnings often have large ends." "So they have, Sir," he said; "she was eight stone, now she is nearer eighteen."

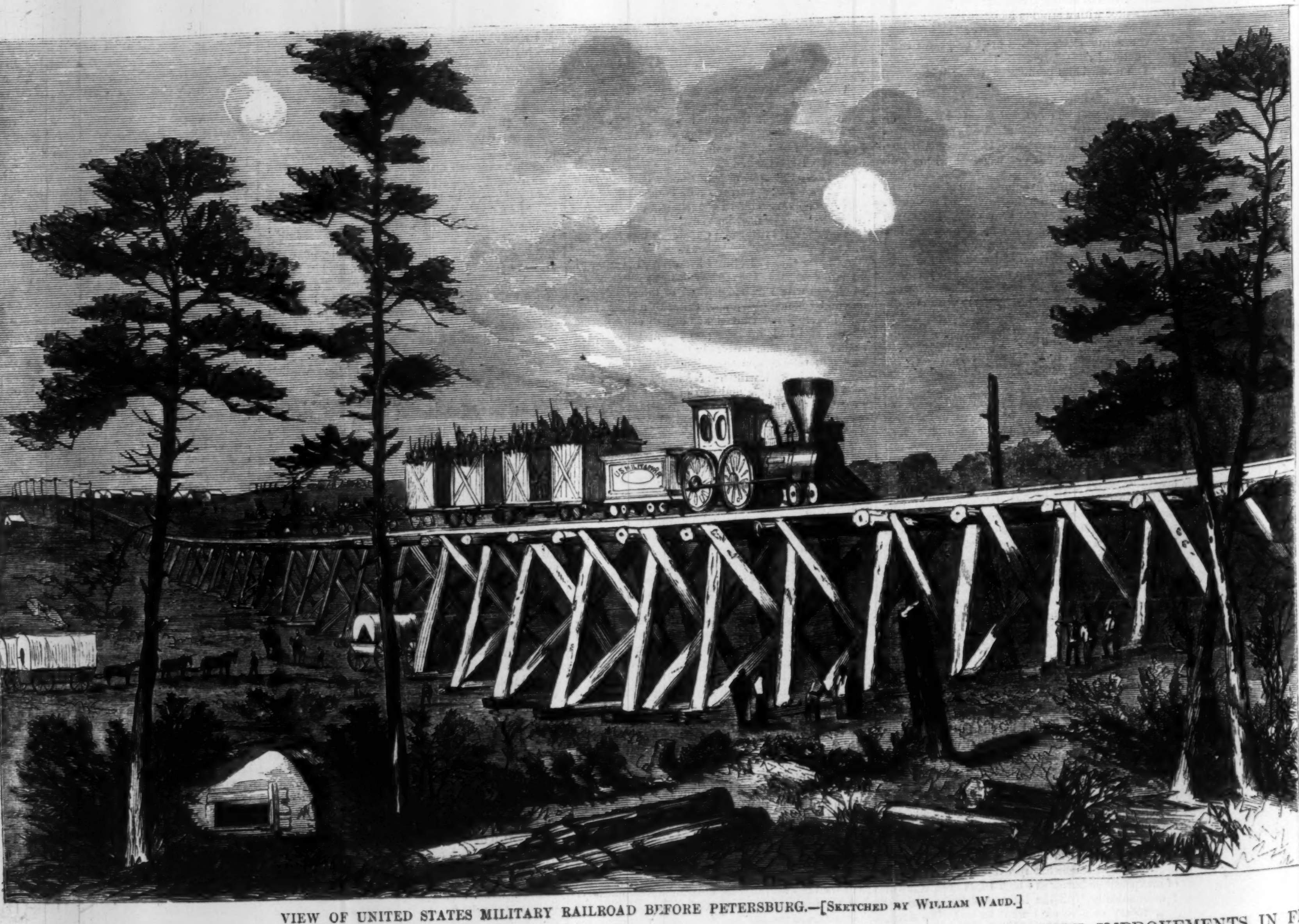
The other day a poor woman was mending a stocking; she was one of that class who do mend stockings. I stood watching her—it is interesting to watch persons doing things you never did, and never could learn to do yourself. There was but a very small hole, and, forgetting my usual caution in such matters, I asked why she mended so small a hole; why she did not leave it till the hole was got much larger, and then have a good mend all at once. She looked at me just as if she thought I was a simpleton. And so I was. "Doon't ey knoaw, as if the small hole be minded, the big un 'ont come." I stood reproved. I have since learned that if one stitch in a stocking goes it can be at once put right and will last a long time; but that if it be neglected, the one stitch gone will soon become a large hole, and baffle all the mending power of the household.

It was not long ago that a large tract of reclaimed land was shining in all the richness and beauty which good farming and rich crops can give. A large sluice-gate kept out and regulated the once triumphant waters. In one day, almost in one short hour, this beautiful extent of land was covered with the once more triumphant waters, acres upon acres inundated, the crops destroyed, and many a hard-working agriculturist brought to the verge of ruin. The embankment had given way, the sluice-gate washed from its bearings, and the water again, with a mighty roar, as if exulting over man's carelessness, rushed over its old possessions. It couldn't be helped. It was no one's fault. Who would have thought it? Such, probably, were the excuses made after the mischief was done. It is true some one, perhaps several persons, had seen a few days before that there was a little stream of water spirting through the embankment or by the side of the sluice. But what of that? That was only a trifle, quite a little thing; no one would think any thing of that; and yet what are the consequences? Those who saw what eventually led, what if they had thought about it they would have known would be sure to lead to such a dire catastrophe, what was really but the beginning of the end, never said a word about it; and, if they had, those to whom they told their tale would but have echoed back the stereotyped observation, "Little things like that are of no importance," or words to that effect, and would have given no more thought to the subject till the final blow came.

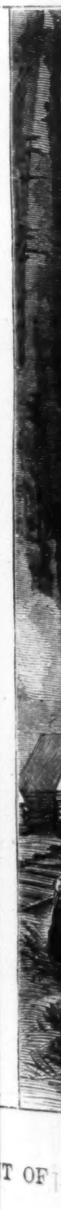
A thorn run just under the nail is not much, but it will lead to the loss of a finger. A bit of skin scratched off the lip has more than once led to a lingering and fearful death. How many a bad leg arises from a little wound that was not attended to at first, and annoys the patient for all his life! A sand crack in a horse's hoof will often in a few days ruin the most valuable animal, and a nail driven awkwardly in the shoe lame him for life. A screw loose has upset an entire train; and many a valuable life has been lost by only such a little thing as leaving a gate open. One coral worker first laid the foundation of these vast Pacific works. If, thousands and thousands of years ago, we had seen the industrious little builder at work, should we have imagined, should we have believed that so little a thing could have reared so great a heap? The vast banyan grove is sprung from one small plant. But a few years ago it was not enough to ward off the sun from one man, and now it affords shelter to thousands of birds and beasts, hiding in its branches the gentle dove or the poisonous serpent. Truly great things have little beginnings, and small words oftentimes lead to great actions.



GENERAL BUTLER'S CANAL AT DU H GAP.—[



VIEW OF UNITED STATES MILITARY RAILROAD BEFORE PETERSBURG.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



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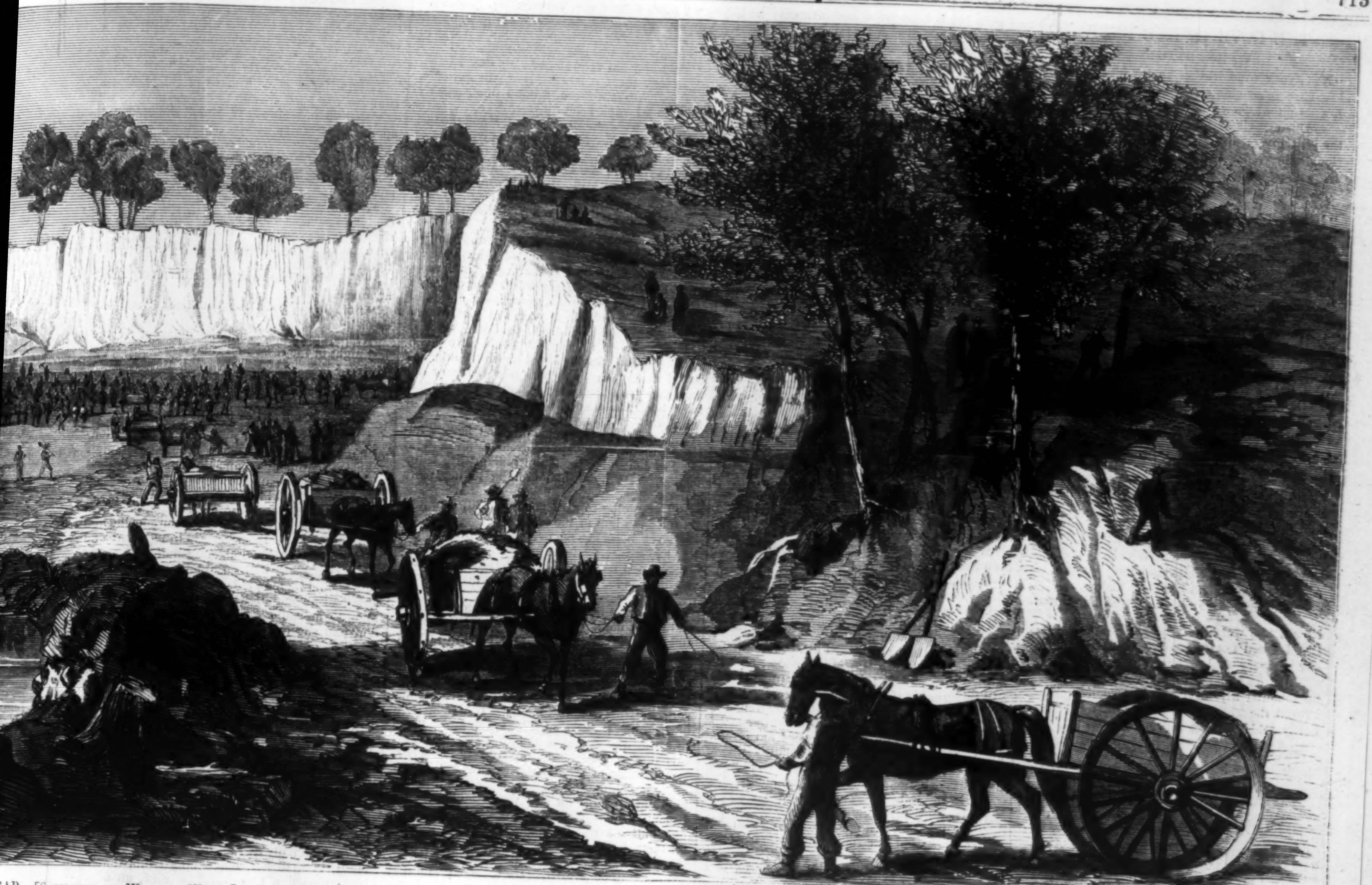
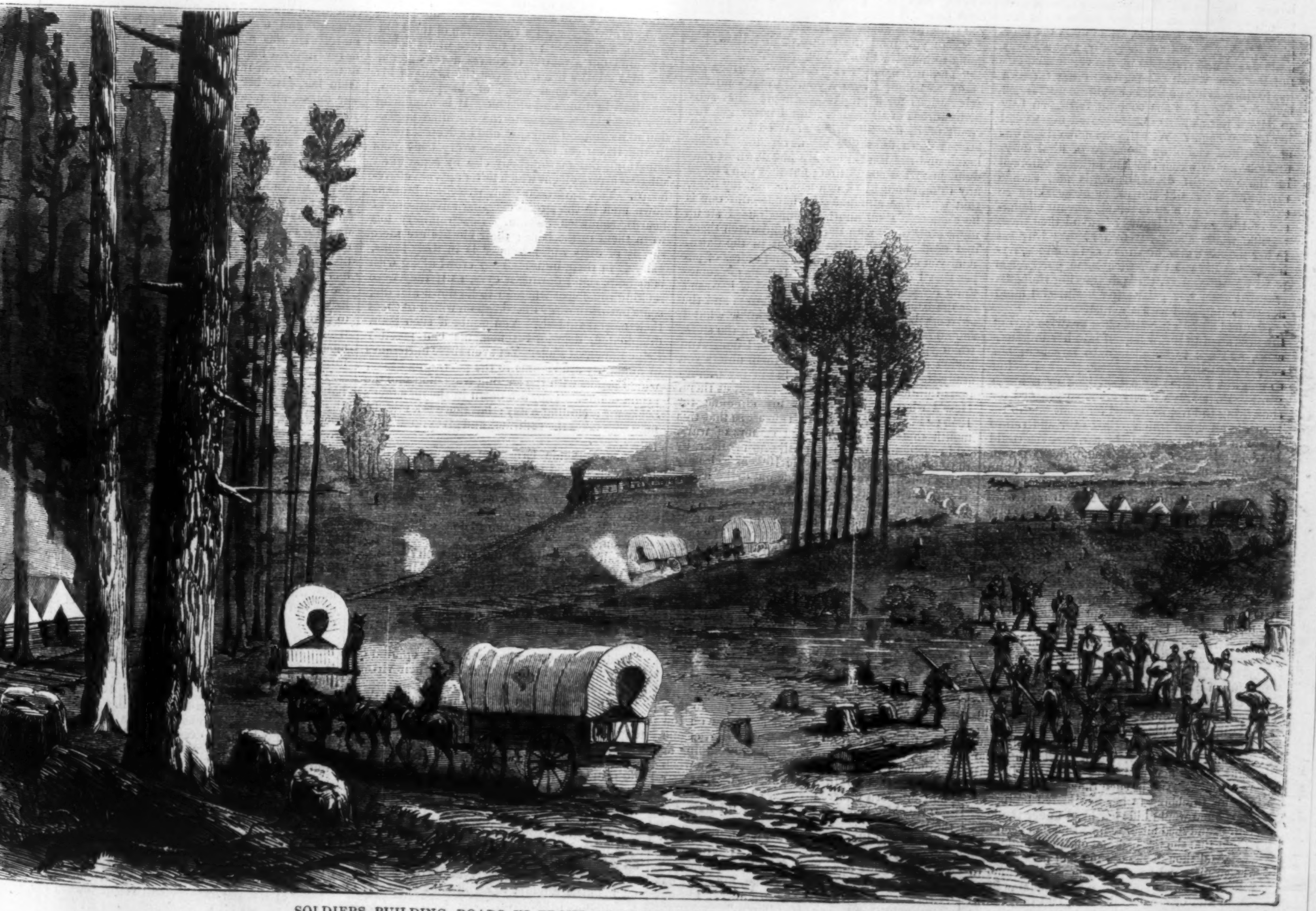


GAP.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



SOLDIERS BUILDING ROADS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

PETERSBURG.—[See Page 717.]

THE DOVE IN HER NEST.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

"NAY, your wine will make me heady,
We have ta'en enough already;
Let us go while we are steady:
Do not stir, I know my way."
So I lit my chamber candle,
Sought my room and turned the handle—
Lady togs, from ruff to sandal,
Loose across the lounger lay!

"Heavens!" I cried, alarmed and shaken,
"Surely I have been mistaken!
If the sleeping beauty waken,
What excuse for me remains?"
Fear the dangerous joy enhances,
Love with eager step advances—
Oh, the languors and the trances!
Oh, the pleasures and the pains!

Blissful watch above her keeping,
Angels guard their sister sleeping—
Would they wake her should, a-peeping,
Bearded mortal ope the door?
Stealthily a pace advancing,
Round the rose-silk draperies glancing—
Oh, the sight divine, entrancing,
Haunts my dreams for evermore!

Flushed as May's young wealth of roses,
Laura on the couch reposes,
And the drifted snow discloses
Outlines wavy and remote;
Tresses loose—a golden wonder!
Crimson lips that smile asunder,
And one small hand creeping under
The crisp lace which fringed her throat.

Now a kiss were easy stealing,
But I dared not trust the feeling,
For my very soul seemed reeling
In the fullness of her view;
So I bowed my head and blessed her,
Prayed the angel hosts to rest her,
Softly said, "Sweet dreams, fair sister!"
And from that small heaven withdrew.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LII.

STILL IN LUCK'S WAY.

LILY scarcely knew what to make of the new humor of her tyrant. The woman's avowal that she was her mother, and her claim upon her for a daughter's obedience, came upon the poor girl so suddenly and unexpectedly, that she was quite dazed and stupefied by the vague conflicting thoughts which chased each other through her brain, leaving no fixed or definite impression behind. Why had she so long forbidden Lily to regard her as her mother—dared her to call her by that name? Why did she make the avowal now, and claim, on the score of filial duty, that obedience which she had hitherto enforced by the terror of dreadful words and savage threats? What did she mean by speaking so savagely, and with so much significant emphasis, of Lily as her "legacy?" And then those terrible words about her father! As Lily sat in her mother's dressing-room at the circus, trying to beguile the time with some purposeless piece of embroidery, these distracting thoughts crowded upon her palpitating brain, and filled her trembling soul with a nameless terror.

She had had an impulse once or twice during the afternoon to throw herself into her mother's arms, and ask to be allowed to love her; but each time when she was on the point of doing so she was repelled by a cold look or a harsh word. Poor Lily's lonely heart so yearned for something to love, so longed for some one to return the affection which welled over and ran to waste in her own desolate breast, that she could have loved even this cold, remorseless woman. Many and many a time when she was Quite Alone, in her little bed at the Pension Marcassin, she had tried to realize to herself what it was to have a papa and a mamma. The other girls talked about their papas and mammas, and bragged about them: how rich their papas were, how beautiful their mammas were, what treats their papas and mammas gave them when they went home for the holidays.

But Lily had no papa; none, at least, whom she knew; no mamma, except the harsh, cruel woman who had brought her there, and left her among strangers, without a kiss or a kind word. And she was at times even doubtful about this woman, who showed none of a mother's feelings, nothing of a mother's love. Marygold had told her the story of the babes in the wood, and of the cruel uncle who deserted them and left them to die in the pathless forest. Perhaps this woman, who chid her, and railed at her, and dragged her along so furiously, was a cruel aunt, who sought to lose her, and leave her to die in that strange city. And at such times, with such sad thoughts throbbing in her bewildered brain, the lonely child would hide her head under the bedclothes, and shed bitter tears. She had been often told that she was bad and obstinate and wicked. And though she did not feel herself a bad wicked girl, and tried to be good, she came to believe that what the woman and Madame Marcassin said of her must be true, and that it was because she was a bad wicked girl that she had no papa and mamma like the other girls. Many a night, long after her companions had gone to sleep, she lay awake, repeating her prayers over and over again, asking God to make her good and give her a kind papa and mamma; and, wearied out at last, she would fall into a pleasant slumber, and dream of the few kind faces that she had seen and known, and hear again the few voices that had spoken to her gently and kindly.

But now she had awakened from all her dreams and all her hopes. Her father, she had just been told, was a cheat, a scoundrel, and a beggar; and her mother was the unloving, cold-hearted fury, who was at that moment performing for the amusement of a gaping crowd in the circus at Ranelagh. Poor Lily had but one refuge from the dark despair of the situation in which she found herself, and that was in thoughts of Edgar. They had met once again. He had seen her, and in that one moment, before she fainted, Lily saw that he recognized her. She fondly fancied that the sudden flush that came over his face betokened pleasure, and her yearning heart beat with a trembling joy at the thought. But sadness fell upon her again when she reflected that she was the daughter of a circus-rider, and he a rich, high-born gentleman. Oh, if she were only a fine lady, and his equal!

Lily was startled from these distracting reflections by a gentle knock at the dressing-room door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

The door was opened gently, and a voice in the passage said, timidly, "It's only I, my dear." It was the voice of the stars.

"Come in, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily; "there is no one here but I. I am quite alone."

"Yes, my dear," said the astrologer, "I knew that you were by yourself. I wouldn't have ventured if your ma—if Madame Ernestine—had been here. I don't think she likes me, my dear. I—I said something to her to-day, you know, when she came back for the whip. It's very unlucky to go back for things that way, my dear, and I couldn't help saying it. She's a very extraordinary woman, your ma. I—I really thought she would have horsewhipped me."

"Won't you come in, Mr. Kafooze, and sit down a little?" said Lily, for the astrologer was still lingering in the passage.

"No, my dear, thank you," said Mr. Kafooze; "Madame will be off in a few minutes, and I shouldn't like to fall in her way. I am afraid, my dear, she hasn't a very good temper. Some people can't help it; it's all owing to their stars, and folks can't help their stars, you know."

"Did you want to say any thing particular to me, Mr. Kafooze?" Lily asked.

"Yes, my dear, just one word. You said you didn't know what star your mother was born under?"

"No, I don't know at all, Mr. Kafooze, or I should be very happy to tell you."

"I'm sure you would, my dear, I'm sure you would," said Mr. Kafooze. "It's a pity you don't know, though, for I might be able to tell you something about the future."

"Can you read the future, and tell what's going to happen, then?" Lily asked.

"Yes, my dear; I've been very correct on many occasions, I assure you. I make all the calculations for a prophetic almanac that sells by hundreds of thousands; but I never get the credit of it, nor the profit of it either. Poor broken-down folks like me never do. People laugh and say the things are put down at random, just what comes first; but they don't know any thing about it. I can assure you, my dear, that when the almanac's in hand—and one is no sooner off than another comes on—I sit up night after night with the stars, and watch them, and read them until they go out in the dawn. And you should see the quires and quires of paper that I cover with figures. It costs me something for paper, I can tell you, and if it wasn't for the backs of Mr. M'Variety's letters and the old copy-books, I'm sure I don't know what I should do. Ah, it's hard work reading the stars, when you read them in earnest as I do. And there's no doing any thing with them unless you study them well. I've got a list of my predictions fulfilled, if you would like to look at them. Here's what I predicted in my almanac for 1845: 'February, Mars is in Taurus, so that this month there will be wars and rumors of wars, and rebellions;' which you will see, my dear, by the *Morning Advertiser* of the 16th of February of the following year, was borne out to the letter. Here's the paragraph. It says: 'Yesterday the usually quiet little town of Croydon was the scene of great disturbance, owing to a quarrel among the navvies engaged on the railway. The navvies fought for some time with stones and sticks, and several of them were severely wounded. The tumult, however, was speedily put down by the police.' And here's another very remarkable one. For the 16th of March I said: 'The opposition of Saturn to Mars denotes the death of a great warrior.' And, sure enough, on the 16th of April of the following year, the *Times* announced the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Bolderby, of the Somersetshire militia. One of my predictions was fulfilled to the very day. The aspect of Neptune, my dear, enabled me to predict that there would be disaster at sea on the 13th of September, and on that very day, at one o'clock, a boy was drowned while out bathing at Southend. Ah, the stars never deceive you when you study them well. Do you know what star you were born under, my dear?"

"No, Mr. Kafooze," Lily said; "I have not the least idea."

"I should like to know very much," said Mr. Kafooze; "and also your ma's. I think your ma's star must have been Saturn. I don't say it with any disrespect to your ma, my dear, but Saturn is a bad star to be born under. The ancients said that he ate his children."

It flitted across Lily's mind that her ma's star was most probably Saturn.

"You can't tell me the date of your birth, can you?" Mr. Kafooze asked.

"I don't think I can, exactly, Mr. Kafooze," Lily answered. "I used to have a birthday, but it was long ago at school. I think it was in November—the last day of November."

"And how old are you now, my dear?"

"It may seem a strange thing to say, Mr. Kafooze," Lily answered, "but I don't exactly know. I—I think I am nineteen."

"Nineteen!" said Mr. Kafooze, "and the last day of November. Let me see, that will take us back to the year— But, bless me, there's your ma just come off, and I wouldn't have her catch me here for the world. Good-by, my dear, for the present. You'll see me again soon, when I may have something to tell you about the future."

And Mr. Kafooze closed the door, and shuffled away in the dark to get out of the countess's way. Poor soul! he was thoroughly in earnest about his stars, and really worked hard at that almanac which brought its proprietor and publisher many hundreds a year, but yielded old Kafooze only a few miserable pounds. Yet if it had yielded him nothing, he would have taken the same pains, for he loved his work, and believed in it. And this was how the poor old man never could earn more than his two pounds ten a week: he trusted in man, and believed in the stars.

Madame Ernestine came off from her exposition of the high school of horsemanship in great good humor. She was quite radiant with satisfaction. M'Variety had brought to her more good news.

"I am going to give you a benefit, countess, on the last night of the season."

The countess was not overjoyed at first, for she had had some experience of benefits. There were benefits and no benefits. M'Variety interpreted her dubious look at once, and hastened to assure her.

"Oh, don't be afraid; it's not that sort; the real thing, bona fide, fair share of the receipts, and no expenses. Come to my room after your performance and I'll tell you all about it."

It was very necessary for Mr. M'Variety to inform the countess that it was not "that sort." "That sort" was a benefit which M'Variety compelled all his people to take. It was written down in the bond: so much a week and a benefit. But why should compulsion ever be necessary in such a case? Who ever heard of a person refusing to take money when it is honestly offered to him, and he has nothing to do but hold out his hand for it? Well, the fact is, the benefits which M'Variety so liberally insisted upon all his people taking, were not benefits for them, but for himself. It was an understood thing that each member of the staff should allow his name to be advertised for a benefit, and that the nominal beneficiare should use all his influence to secure a good attendance.

Beyond that he had no interest in it. The manager took the money. The outside public would probably regard a transaction of this kind as mean and shabby; but the idea of its being any thing but a matter of course never entered Mr. M'Variety's head, or even the heads of his company. It was a usage of the profession, sanctified by time and custom. It is wonderful how such usages permeate the so-called profession to its topmost branches and its deepest roots. In the theatrical body politic every body gets something out of somebody else by some quiet sub rosa arrangement which never appears above-board. You have seen poor, wretched, broken-down men in the streets carrying advertisement boards, sandwich fashion. Sharp misery has worn them to the bone; their clothes are mere shreds of dirty rags; hunger is in their looks, palsy is in their limbs. They crawl along with bent bodies and downcast eyes, as if they were seeking some spot whereon to lie down and die, some out-of-the-way dust-heap on which to shoot their mortal rubbish. You doubt if such poor, dilapidated, degraded tenements can possibly lodge immortal souls. Yet even these burlesques of humanity are victims to the pervading usage, which begins with the leading tragedian and the prima donna. They are down in the manager's books for a shilling a day; but there is a middleman who takes the contract, and gives them ninepence.

When Madame Ernestine dismounted from her trained steed Constant she hastened to the manager's room.

"Now, Monsieur M'Variety, about this benefit; dites-moi, I am dying to know."

"Well, countess, I mean to do the thing that's handsome."

"Half the receipts of the circus, eh?"

"Would you call that handsome?" Mr. M'Variety asked; "the circus will hold fifty pounds; the half of that is twenty-five."

"It is nothing, a bagatelle; but it is much for you—for a manager to give without being asked."

Madame Ernestine had not a high opinion of managers; she believed that even their virtues leaned to vice's side.

"What would you think, then," said M'Variety, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "if I were to give you the whole receipts of the circus?"

"What should I think? I should think, Monsieur Mac, that you were un bon enfant, the prince of managers, one who is all heart—un ange—and something besides."

She paused, and added the last words slowly and significantly.

"And what besides?" the manager asked.

"Why, Monsieur Mac, I should think besides all this that you had your reasons. Ha!"

"Well, well," said Mr. M'Variety, waving off his little attempt to assume the character of a generous benefactor, "that's nothing to you, you know. You shall have the benefit, and, if you make good use of your swell friends, I don't see why you shouldn't net a hundred pounds by it."

"A hundred pounds! Ah! that is something!" cried the countess; and her eyes glistened, as if she had seen the money lying before her in bright golden sovereigns.

"And mind," said M'Variety, "I sha'n't charge you a farthing for expenses."

The manager made a merit of this, and the countess was good enough to recognize it.

"Believe me, Monsieur Mac," she said, "I appreciate your generosity; you will, on this occasion, kindly refrain from helping yourself to a share of that which does not belong to you. That is a merit in a directeur, and I give you credit for it. I could embrace you."

M'Variety was grateful for this reciprocation of good feeling, but he was a little alarmed at the hint of an embrace. He would as soon have been embraced by a boa constrictor or a Bengal tiger.

"Well, then," he said, "consider every thing arranged."

"Fort bien," said the countess; "and the day?"

"This day week," said the manager; "the last night of the season—Friday."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

No woman, however amiable her disposition, or however loving her nature, could have entertained a sentiment of affection for Mr. Francis Blunt, once she came to know him and fathom the depths of his base and worthless character. Francis Blunt married Mademoiselle Valérie, a gay, heartless, unscrupulous, pleasure-loving actress of the Paris theatres. Estrangement and separation were inevitable. Blunt, like many other vain fools, had an ambition to marry an actress, and he married one. Mademoiselle Valérie had an ambition to marry a rich English milord who could keep her in luxury and splendor, and she married the man who seemed to fulfill her desires. But both were deceived. Sitting in his box and gazing at her in her paint and smiles on the stage, Blunt thought Valérie an angel. Sitting by his own fireside, linked to her by the bonds of holy matrimony—save the mark!—and gazing at her without her paint and her smiles, he found her a devil. Meeting Blunt behind the scenes and at gay supper parties, where he spent his money like water, and was lionized and addressed as milord, Valérie regarded the Englishman as a person of boundless wealth. Living with him in the same house, knowing all his concerns, encountering his duns, and witnessing all the mean shifts to which he was occasionally driven, she speedily learned the bitter, and, to her, maddening truth, that she had married a spendthrift, a roué, an adventurer, a beggar.

To Blunt, the discovery that his wife was a selfish, cold-hearted, unbearable woman, was a surprise and a disappointment; but nothing more. He was not squeamish; moral scruples never troubled him; he was perfectly indifferent to the opinion of the world. He could separate from her, give her a maintenance—or promise her one—and return to his old, gay, reckless life.

But Valérie's position was different. Had she been the best woman that ever breathed she could not have smothered her contempt for the heartless coxcomb who had so bitterly deceived her, and afterward so cruelly used her. But Valérie was not a good woman; she was a female harpy, whose whole aim and ambition was to be richly dressed, to have plenty of money, and to live in a constant round of pleasures. Such being her character, she did not merely despise Blunt, she hated him with all the fierceness and malignity of a fiend. And her loathing hatred of him culminated and came to its darkest and worst just at the time when a true woman's nature becomes most softened, most tender, most capable of trust and love and forgiveness.

The time of her fiercest and most implacable hatred of her husband was when she first heard the cry of her new-born babe. It should have been a new bond of union. It was the cause of irremediable and implacable hate. This sham milord—this copper-gilt calf before whose lacquered magnificence she had fallen down—fallen down, not to be lifted up to the coveted pinnacle of splendor and gayety and pleasure, but to be ruthlessly trodden over, debased, degraded, spurned with the foot of contempt—this man, her husband, had robbed her of the sunshine of her youth, cheated her of her golden opportunity, darkened the high noon of her days, and at length cast her from him, leaving her with the consciousness—to her a hateful one—of being a mother, the mother, too, of *his* child.

This terrible Frenchwoman was impenetrable; her heart—if she had a heart—was a fortress of implacability. She was so cold, so indurated in her hate, so fierce in her purpose of revenge, that one might have suspected her of being literally possessed by a devil. She hated Lily, the infant, because she was the child of the man who had deceived her, ill-used her, and disappointed her of her selfish expectations; she hated Lily, the girl, because, while she promised to be an instrument of vengeance in her hands, she was yet a burden and a trouble to her. If she relented a little toward her now, it was not because of the awakening of any latent spark of maternal feeling in her breast of steel, but because she was making some profit out of the girl, and saw a prospect of making still more. She relented toward her as a brute of a coster-monger will relent toward the ass that bears his burden, and earns for him his meat and his drink and his pleasures.

After her interview with Mr. M'Variety the countess was quite pleasant to the girl, after a ashion. Lily had never known her speak so kindly before. Poor Lily! She was thankful for very small mercies in the way of kindness. She was grateful for the veriest crumbs. The countess returned to her dressing-room with a look of triumph in her face, singing a snatch of one of her favorite French songs.

"You perceive, mademoiselle, that I am gay this evening," she said, addressing Lily.

"Yes, ma—" Lily paused at the word, and the countess took her up short, slapping her riding-habit with her whip.

"'Yes, madam,' you were about to say. I did not tell you that you were to call me mother; but that you were to regard me as such, and obey me as such. I hate the word. You rejoice that I am gay—n'est-ce pas?"

"Yes, I am glad that you are gay," Lily replied.

"Bien," said the countess, "that is dutiful; and you shall be rewarded; you shall sit up with me to supper in my new chateau. Quick! Assist me to undress."

This was the kindness for which Lily was so grateful.

The countess submitted herself to the hands of her fille-de-chambre without indulging in the usual ebullitions of temper, and when she was dressed, insisted upon Lily walking by her side, and talking to her on her way through the gardens to the Cottage.

"We shall live here," she said, "until the commencement of the summer season, as Monsieur le Directeur calls it; and in the mean time I shall teach you to ride. You know nothing, you are ignorant, useless. I work for my living; why should not you for yours? I work for you now. By-and-by, when I am old and can no longer give an exposition of the haute-école, you will show your gratitude for all I have done for you by working for me. Will you not? Répondez-moi donc!"

"I will do any thing you ask me," Lily replied. But she shuddered at the idea of becoming a horse-rider.

"Très bien!" said the countess, "you are still dutiful, so you shall sup with me. Allons! Entrons!"

There was more good news for the countess; another pleasant surprise.

A servant had called with a large hamper containing an elegant supper and several bottles of wine. Mrs. Snuffburn was at the foot of the stairs in a high state of excitement with the intelligence.

"Who was the person who brought this—what you call it—hampaire?" the countess asked.

"It was brought by a livery-servant, mum," said the housekeeper; "but he didn't leave no message, except that it was for Madame Ernestine."

"Did he not say who sent it?"

"No, mum. I asked him if there was compliments with it, and the young man, which he had top-boots on, mum, and a cockade in his 'at, said as there wasn't no compliments with it, but there was half a dozen bottles of sparkling, which was better, he thought."

The countess opened the hamper, and her eyes gleamed with pleasure, not so much at the dainties which it contained, as at the thought of her rising fortunes, and the influence which she was once more exercising upon the gay votaries of pleasure.

"No matter," she said; "it is an elegant petit souper, come whence it may, and I am hungry. Let it be laid à l'instant. And that corbeau, that ogre, that ganache, said I should have no luck! Why, it rains luck—rains chateaux, benefits, pheasants, Champagne. Ha! what have we here? Cognac. One bottle in the corner! A good thought; vous êtes un bon enfant, monsieur—you understand me—qui que vous soyez."

The supper was laid in the gilded apartment, and the countess and Lily sat down together. The countess ate and drank of every thing, condescending even to patronize the Champagne, but poor Lily could scarcely taste a thing. The countess's declaration of her intention to make her a horse-rider had completely taken away her appetite, and made her feel sick and faint.

"Eat, child, mais mangez donc?" the countess said to her, almost fiercely, as she herself gnawed wolfishly at the leg of a pheasant.

"I have no appetite," Lily said, languidly. "I—I do not feel very well."

"No appetite!" cried the countess. "I understand; no appetite—ha! ha! You will recover from that malady. Ma foi! when you come to be my age you will have an appetite."

And she went on eating with her fingers, and gnawing the bones, and almost snarling over them.

"If you can not eat, perhaps you can drink. There, take some Champagne. I will not grudge it you. It cost me nothing."

She poured—or flung rather—the bright bubbling wine into a tumbler and pushed it toward the girl. Lily put the glass to her lips timidly, and sipped at its sparkling contents.

"Drink it up—videz le verre," cried the countess, angrily. "I have no patience with such mincing pretenses. Drink, I say!"

Lily, clutching the glass desperately, drank its contents to the last drop in sheer despair, as she would have drunk poison.

"Now, you may go; va-t'en—there is your room. It was intended for me; but I have given it up to you. You see how I love you—what a good mother I am." And she grinned horribly.

Lily was only too glad to obey. She was always thankful when bedtime came, that she might seek refuge from her sorrows in the forgetfulness of a sound sleep, or in the unrealities of a pleasant dream. She took a little candle that had been placed on the side-table for her, and retired to the dainty white chamber; but she was too weary, too eager to shut her eyes and bury her head, to do more than bestow a languid glance upon its tasteful furniture and neat appointments. She had eaten scarcely any thing, and the Champagne which her mother had forced her to drink made her heavy and drowsy. She put out her light, and undressed and crept to bed in the dark. She began to say her prayers—she never omitted them, though she might have begun to think that there was no ear in heaven for her, so often had she repeated them and yet no deliverance—she began her prayers, but, as had often happened before, when she was worn out with her dragging-chain of misery, she lost herself among the words, and fell asleep murmuring them.

How long she had been asleep she knew not, but she was suddenly aroused by a great gleam of light streaming through the crevices of her door. She thought for a moment that the Cottage was on fire, and was about to scream and give the alarm, when she heard her mother's voice. She was singing

Gai, gai, gai,
Vive la gaudriole.

Lily listened, and heard her mother mixing up the names of Milord Carlton, and Sir William Long, and the Marquis Greyfaunt—le Marquis Greyfond, as she called him—in a succession of nonsense verses, with the same gay, reckless chorus. Anon, she broke into another strain—French dithyrambics which need not be repeated. They were about love, and bagatelle, and cognac.

The light seemed to be growing stronger and more intense, as if the room beyond were burning fast. Lily rose from her bed and crept to the door, which she had neglected to close. It stood slightly ajar. She knelt down and looked through the opening.

The countess, her mother, was sitting in the gilded arm-chair, her feet resting upon the gilt eagle which formed a foot-stool, holding a glass in her hand, and singing. She had lighted every burner in the great chandelier designed for halls of dazzling light, and, in the midst of the gilding and brass and lacquer and the blaze of gas, trolled forth her reckless French songs. Lily was relieved to find that the house was not on fire, as she at first feared; but she was inexpressibly shocked to see her mother in that dreadful state. Her first impulse was to retire, and once more hide herself under the bed-clothes; but she felt herself rooted to the spot as if by a fascination. She remained gazing at the extraordinary scene until the woman rose, and with an unsteady step approached the door of her chamber. Lily retreated immediately, crept into bed, and feigned to be asleep.

The next instant the countess entered and approached the bed. She paused for a moment and looked down upon the face of the girl, seemingly wrapped in sleep. Lily felt the light from the chandelier in the other room streaming full and strong upon her closed eyes, and through her eyelashes she could see her mother looking down upon her with a strange wild expression that terrified her—terrified her only for a moment. When the thought suddenly flashed through her brain that the Wild Woman had come to murder her, she resigned herself, and closed her eyes firmly, in anticipation of the stroke that would rid her at once of life and of misery. She was sensible of something approaching close to her, and muttered a prayer. She felt a glow of heat upon her cold brow, and held her breath for the stroke to fall. It fell. It was a fierce, feverish, savage kiss imprinted upon her cheek by her mother—for the first time in the girl's memory.

The countess seemed to repent of what she had done. The moment she had kissed her daughter she drew herself up to her full height, her face reddened, her eyes flashed fire, and she smote herself upon the mouth savagely, as if to castigate her lips for the weakness of which they had been guilty.

The countess retired immediately. Lily watched her with bated breath, and listened. She saw the lights go out in the gilded chamber; she heard her mother stamping and raging in the bedchamber adjoining. The chairs, or the chest of drawers, or the towel-horse, or something had offended her. Then all was still. Lily tried to compose herself to sleep; but sleep would not come, she was too much agitated. She thought, as she always did when harassed and perplexed, of Edgar. He was her star in the dark; the pole to which her heart turned like the trembling needle in the compass of the cast-away mariner. The thought passed through her mind once again that if she were only Edgar's equal in position, her misery would cease, and all would be well. Still she could not sleep. She rose, lighted her candle, and tried to read. She could not read. Her attention wandered to any thing except the page upon which her eyes were bent—wandered at the end of all to the image of the handsome Edgar Greyfaunt.

Suddenly her glance fell upon the white cover of the toilet-table. Woven into its texture, there was the figure of a bird holding a leaf in its mouth. Looking about, Lily discovered behind the looking-glass a hair-brush, the back and handle of which were ornamented with mother-of-pearl. That also bore the figure of the little bird holding the leaf. She had seen that device before, and remembered it well, yet could not tell where she had seen it, or when. Why did she puzzle her throbbing brain about so trivial a matter? She could not say why, and yet she did trouble her brain about it. She went back over her whole life in pursuit of that little bird—back to Signor Ventimillioni's show, to Madame de Kergolay's, to the Pension Marcassin, to the Bunnycastles, to the shop of Cutwig & Co.; and she found it not. Now and again she thought she had caught it; but the little bird fluttered away and escaped from her hands. But at last she hunted it into a corner. The little bird had led her to the hotel at Greenwich, where she sat upon Sir William Long's knee and played with his seals, and with the great signet-ring on his finger. It was upon that signet-ring, and upon a certain seal, that she had first seen the image of this little bird with the leaf in its mouth. It was a crest. How did this crest come here?

Lily asked herself the question, and a thought rushed into her brain, bringing back some words long since spoken, some feelings long since faded, like early leaves, and filling her breast with a storm of conflicting thoughts. She looked at the crest again. There was a motto embroidered underneath. It was "Spes et fortuna." Fortuna? That must mean fortune; but what was "Spes "

Lily fell to sleep at last, with the word upon her lips, wondering.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

LUTHER used to say that he was once whipped fourteen times in one forenoon. The old German schools were frightful dens of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1782, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions: "Hauberie, assistant teacher in a village in Suabia. During the 51 years 7 months of his official life, he had, by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,527 blows with a cane, 124,010 blows with a rod, 20,989 blows and raps with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand, 10,535 blows over the mouth, 7905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 raps on the head, and 22,783 *notabenes* (*i. e.*, knocks) with the Bible, catechism, singing-book, and grammar. He had 777 times made boys kneel on pease, and 613 times on a three-cornered piece of wood; had made 5001 'wear the jackass,' and 1707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various more unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about three hundred expressions to scold with, of which he had found two-thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented."

WITH the title of *L'Echo Nuptial*, a matrimonial paper is soon to be established in Paris. The exclusive object of the journal is to promote the connubial habits of its subscribers; and every day several columns of "Proposals" and "Wants" will be published, with the love correspondence of those who desire to carry on their courtship through the columns of a public print. We suppose, instead of financial and commercial articles, they will present a daily review of the "Wife and Husband Market," announcing the various shades of complexion in favor at that time, and what color of hair and eyes is preferable; also, whether short, stumpy females are likely to range "higher on 'Change," and if the supply of gentlemen of high stature is fully "up to the demand," or if the market is overstocked with them, making the prospect better for those who sell "short." Of course those in the market awaiting customers will be classified by the editor under the terms of "tall," "short," "middling," "light," "dark," "stumpy," and "square-shouldered."

THE usual mode of expressing grief for departed relatives and friends among the ancients was by rending the clothes, by laying aside the externals of rank and honor, by going unshaved, and by neglecting certain of the ordinary duties of life. As mankind became more practical, it was considered that the purposes of mourning might be sufficiently carried out by the adoption of some particular color of dress. These colors vary considerably, according to local influence or national sentiment. In Europe the general color for mourning is black; for that color, being the privation of light, is supposed to represent the privation of life. In China it is white, that color representing purity. In Turkey it is purple or violet, colors which are supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope. In Egypt it is yellow, that being the color of vegetation when it fades and decays. In Ethiopia it is brown, that being the color of the earth, to which the dead return.

A CHAPLAIN of the Christian Commission, while moving through a long line of sufferers, administering the consolation of the Gospel, approached the bedside of a gallant fellow who was severely wounded. His earthly march was nearly ended; but when the chaplain asked him if he was prepared to die, motioned for pencil and paper, and with a tremulous hand wrote: "I am prepared to go to heaven; my trust in Jesus Christ is perfect:" and immediately under these words of assured victory over the grave, "Come rally round the flag, boys." The chaplain took the paper, and standing up read it with a loud voice. Just as he concluded, a soldier, who had recently lost a hand, sprang from his bed, and waving the mutilated stump in the air, burst forth with the glorious song his dying comrade had suggested. The effect was electric. A thousand voices took up the chorus, and the place of suffering was made to fairly rock with thunders of melody. As that vast soldier choir ceased singing the chaplain turned to look upon the dying brave. He was just in time to catch the last faint smile that flickered across the sun-burnt face, as the soul was wafted on the strains of that Union music to the throne of Liberty.

THE following in relation to the various brands of tea will be interesting to housekeepers: "Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term of which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe," or "Poko," means "white hair," the down of tender leaves. "Powchong," "folded plant." "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo," from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

AN innovation, slight in itself, but which in a few years may revolutionize the outward appearance of current literature, has very recently been made in the binding of new books. Three hundred years ago, books were issued from the press in pig-skin and calf; a century later, sheep-skin was employed; and toward the close of the last century, Dutch paper-boards protected books as they issued from the press. During the past thirty years cloth has been the favorite material: but this has so increased in price, owing to the war, that an enterprising firm has conceived the idea of forming a paper substance having all the strength and flexibility of cloth, to take its place on the outside of books. Some specimens of this prepared paper are now before us. This substance appears to receive gilt impressions with the distinctness of morocco, and, as it can be washed with soap and water when dirty, it may be surmised that hereafter the phrase "musty literature" will fall into disuse. It is said that its cost will be something like one half of the present price of embossed cloth.

ACCORDING to an English traveler there are agencies working gradually but substantially to undermine the constitution of Florida, the rich southernmost peninsula of the Confederacy, more effectually than "secession." Alarmists might even hold that, if the civil war should last many years longer, the ultimate fate of the devoted State will cease to be a mere political question. The most dangerous enemies of the soil of Florida are what its inhabitants call "Sinks." Those absorptions of the earth, though on a small scale, are in fact so numerous, that one may almost ask, Is Florida slipping between the fingers of both Federals and Confederates? and will she ultimately—like those high mountains of the Andes during the earthquake of Chili in 1646—vanish entirely from the surface of the earth?

All over the country there are sinks of all sizes, forms, and ages. Some are slight saucer-like depressions; others, still deeper, like basins, of from twenty to eighty yards across; or only uneven slopes and hollows, which would pass unnoticed were one not informed that the land just there had been "sinking" since such a time; or that an old inhabitant remembered a dead level where now there are various dells crowded with vegetation. It is thought that there is a subterranean connection between all these "sinks."

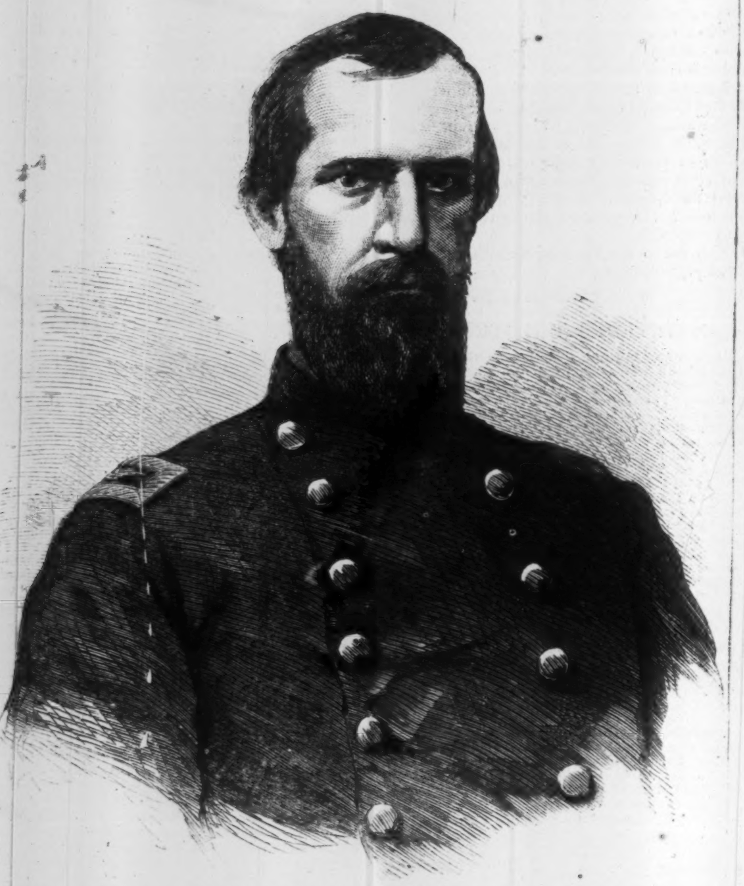
"**A ROUGH** stone-wall," says Hugh M'Millan, "in any situation is an object of interest to a thoughtful mind. The different shapes of the stones, their varied mineral character, the diversity of tints, flexures, and lines which occur in them, are all suggestive of inquiry and reflection. Sermons may thus be found in stones more profitable, perhaps, than many printed or spoken ones, which he who runs may read. The smallest appearances link themselves with the grandest phenomena; a minute speck supplies a text around which may cluster many a striking thought; and by means of a hint derived from a mere hue or line in a little stone—almost inappreciable to the general eye—may be reconstructed seas and continents that passed away thousands of ages ago—visions of landscape scenery to which the present aspect of the globe presents no parallel. This flexure of the stone tells me of violent volcanic eruptions, by which the soft, newly-deposited stratum—the muddy precipitate of ocean waters—heaved and undulated like corn in the breeze; that lamination, of which the dark lines regularly alternate with the gray, speaks eloquently of gentle waves rippling musically over sandy shores; and the irregular protuberances which I see here and there over the stone, are the casts of hollows or cracks produced in ancient tide-beaches by shrinkage—similar appearances being often seen under our feet, as we walk over the pavement of almost any of our towns. Yonder smooth and striated surface of granite is the Runic writing of the northern Frost-king, transporting me back in fancy to that wonderful age of ice when glaciers slid over mountain-rocks, and flowed through lowland valleys, where corn now grows, and the snow seldom falls. And if there be a block of sandstone, it may chance to exhibit not only ripple-marks of ancient seas, but also footprints of unknown birds and strange tortoises that sought their food along the water's edge; and sometimes memorials of former things more accidental and shadowy than even these—such as fossil rain-drops, little circular and oval hollows, with their casts—supposed to be impressions produced by rain and hail, and indicating by their varying appearances the character of the shower, and the direction of the wind that prevailed when it was falling. Every one has heard of the crazy Greek who went about exhibiting a brick as a specimen of the building which he wished to sell; but in the structure of each geological system every stone is significant of the whole. Each fragment, however minute, is a record of the terrestrial changes that occurred when it was formed; ingrained in every hue and line is the story of the physical conditions under which it was produced. The ten commandments were not more clearly engraved on the two tables of stone than the laws of nature that operated in its formation are impressed upon the smallest pebble by the wayside. Its materials furnish an unmistakable clew to its origin, and its shape unfolds its subsequent history. God has impressed the marks of the revolutions of the earth not merely upon large tracts of country and enormous strata of rock and mountain range—difficult of access and inconvenient for study—but even upon the smallest stone, so that the annals of creation are multiplied by myriads of copies, and can never be lost."

OYSTER BEDS.—The banks of the Solent between Calshot Castle and Cowes are famous as natural oyster-breeding-grounds, and sometimes nearly one hundred small vessels are seen there at one time dredging for young oysters to be laid down in various rivers, to grow, breed, and fatten. No matter how small the oysters are, even if no bigger than a six-pence, they are valuable for the various rearing-grounds. Some rivers seem better adapted than others for the growth of these oysters, by causing a difference in the flavor of the latter; and a large number of oysters sold in the London market as natives, or other choice varieties, are taken from grounds which have been stocked from the Solent. Nature provides for the distribution of oysters in a very curious manner. Oyster-spawn is at first light, and is easily carried from the parent oysters by the tide. Gradually the spawn rises to the surface, and the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere its specific gravity is apparently increased, for it suddenly sinks, and whatever solid substance it first touches in its descent to the bottom it makes its home, whence it derives its first nourishment, and commences growing to maturity.

A JEALOUS man, who was on a visit to London, was induced to call on a clairvoyant to ascertain what his wife was doing at her residence, some ninety miles away. "She is sitting in her parlor," said the lady, "and she looks out of the window as if in expectation." "Strange," said the gentleman; "who can she expect?" "Some one enters the door! She seizes him and caresses him fondly." "Horrible!" interrupted the gentleman, thinking of the Divorce Court. "Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes." "Dreadful! She shall suffer for this." "Now he wags his tail!" and as this explained the story old Jealousy departed, and resolved not to be inquisitive again in regard to his wife.

M. JULES JANIN tells a good story of a general of the Capuchins who happened to enter Paris, on a mission from the Pope, on the same day that the King of France was expected in his capital, and mistook the ovation to the monarch for one to himself. The streets were thronged, banners waved, bells rang, all was joy and festivity. "Ah!" murmured the good father at each step of his progress, "it is too great an honor for a poor soul like me!" As he advanced the decorations grew more and more gorgeous—choice tapestry draped the houses, and a fountain of Burgundy played in the street, from which a Naiad filled him a foaming goblet. "Ah!" murmured the good father still, "what honor they pay me; what happiness!" At last he reached the Hôtel de Ville, where the Court was stationed resplendent with diamonds and lace, and where the Archbishop of Paris was descried in full dress, surrounded by his clergy. Cries of "There he is! there he is!" burst from the assembled multitudes; the cannon roared, fire-works blazed, and, to crown all, an angel with flaming wings descended from a cloud, torch in hand, and lighted a fragrant bonfire of cedar and incense. "Ah!" cried the general of the Capuchins, "it is too much!" In an instant all became quiet; the pageant had vanished. The King had re-entered his palace at Versailles, the angel retired into his cloud, and the general of Capuchins entered the great Capuchin monastery, where he was secretly rather surprised to find that not a single Capuchin expected him. The pendant to this anecdote of priestly vanity is even better. Piron, the poet and wit, tired one day with a country ramble, sat down to rest on a bank of turf. Just as he was congratulating himself on his temporary escape from the fatigues of notoriety, and dilating rapturously on the simple delights of the country, a farmer passed, and made him a profound bow. He had not sat long before a handsome peasant girl approached, and laid a bouquet of fresh hawthorn on the bank where he sat. Next, two well-known Parisian ladies passed, and, rising erect in their carriage, turned toward Piron, making the sign of the cross. Finally, a brilliant young colonel of the Royal Guard passed at the head of his troop, and, as they went by, the whole squadron presented arms. Overwhelmed by this last proof of the seemingly unusual homage to his genius, Piron rapturously declared that, after what had happened to him that day, nothing could hereafter astonish him. He was not, therefore, at all astonished to see a Knight of St. Louis, with white hair and naked head, and a brow seamed with scars, kneeling at his feet. But he rose abashed, and, with a bow, went his way. All these things had Piron seen with his own eyes. Only he had not seen, above the old beech-tree, in a natural niche which the rain and time had hollowed, an image of our Lady of Auteuil, a holy image brought from Rome as a present to his sister the Canoness by the Cardinal De Tencin, an image which worked miracles. Seated at the foot of this image, he had taken to himself all these acts of devotion.

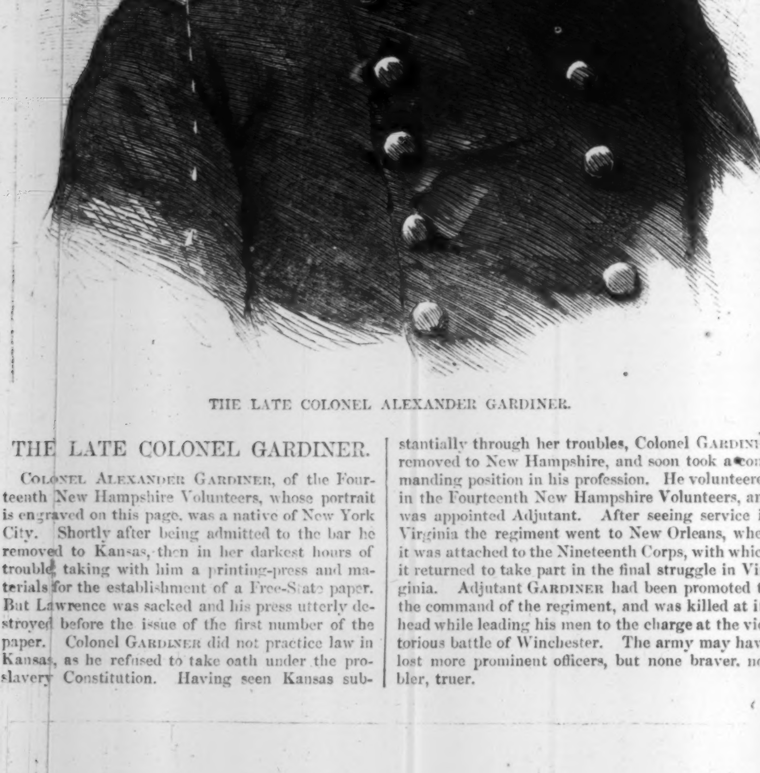
THE *Nazione* of Florence says: "In the villages of Antignano, Arenella, and Due Porte, which stand on the same hill in the province of Naples, reside about thirty men and women who, from a singular religious fanaticism, have made a vow never to speak. For some years past they have maintained silence. A tradesman (a grocer) is mentioned, who carries on his business without uttering a word. Should a customer enter his shop to purchase any thing, he weighs and sells. If the buyer has any observations to make, he listens and does as he is requested. Besides, his wife speaks for him, and most ungrudgingly.



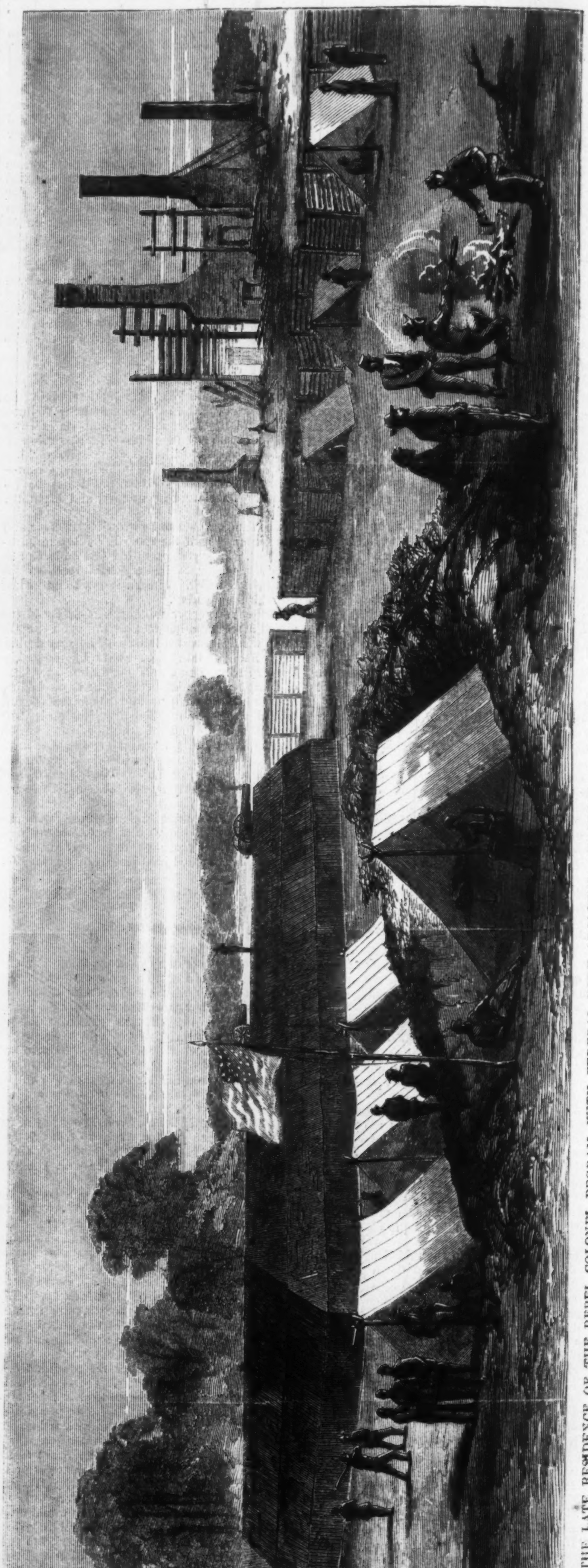
THE LATE COLONEL ALEXANDER GARDINER.

THE LATE COLONEL GARDINER.

Colonel Alexander Gardiner, of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, whose portrait is engraved on this page, was a native of New York City. Shortly after being admitted to the bar he removed to Kansas, then in her darkest hours of trouble, taking with him a printing-press and materials for the establishment of a Free-State paper. But Lawrence was sacked and his press utterly destroyed before the issue of the first number of the paper. Colonel Gardiner did not practice law in Kansas, as he refused to take oath under the pro-slavery Constitution. Having seen Kansas substantially through her troubles, Colonel Gardiner removed to New Hampshire, and soon took a commanding position in his profession. He volunteered in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was appointed Adjutant. After seeing service in Virginia the regiment went to New Orleans, when it was attached to the Nineteenth Corps, with which it returned to take part in the final struggle in Virginia. Adjutant Gardiner had been promoted to the command of the regiment, and was killed at its head while leading his men to the charge at the victorious battle of Winchester. The army may have lost more prominent officers, but none braver, nobler, truer.



THE LATE MAJOR JAMES P. JONES.—[See Page 717.]



THE LATE RESIDENCE OF THE REBEL COLONEL PEGRAM, WITH FEDERAL FORT ADJACENT, ON GENERAL MEADE'S LEFT.—Sketched by Charles H. Chapin.—[See Page 717.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

On this page, and on pages 712, 713, and 716, we give illustrations of General Grant's Campaign. The adjoining cut represents a Signal-Station near General Meade's head-quarters in front of Petersburg, and overlooking the roads to the rebel lines on our left and to the lead mines.

Below is a representation of a Bomb-proof Rifle-Pit in front of the Second Corps. In the absence of active military operations the soldiers elaborately intrench themselves in works like the one here represented.

On page 716 is an illustration of a Federal Fort on General Meade's extreme left, and built in the vicinity of the ruins of the rebel Colonel Pegram's late residence.

The illustrations given on pages 712 and 713 relate to the work going on at the Dutch Gap Canal, east of Petersburg, and to the military roads constructed by General Grant for the use of his army.

The Canal at Dutch Gap is within General Butler's lines. Its object is to cut off a long bend which the James River makes around Farrar's Island, and enable our fleet to take part in the operations against Richmond. It is hoped that the canal may be more efficient than that by which it was intended to make Vicksburg an inland city, giving the Mississippi a new course. The surrender of Island No. 10, in 1862, was undoubtedly hastened by the canal which General Halleck built, and by which he effected a passage to the enemy's rear. This canal at Dutch Gap was begun in August, and is now nearly completed. Its completion the rebels expect to be followed by a formidable advance on Richmond.

Another sketch gives a view of the United States Military Railroad in front of Petersburg. This railroad connects with Grant's extreme left. A third sketch represents our soldiers building roads; and gives also a view of the Railroad from the Army to City Point. The railroad is built on the surface of the ground, and without grading. The sketch is characteristic of the country between the army and City Point.

SIGNAL STATION NEAR GENERAL MEADE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

THE LATE MAJOR JONES.

Major James P. Jones, the fighting Quaker, Seventh Regiment Maine Volunteers, whose portrait we give on page 716, was born at China, Maine, in May, 1835, and was killed at the battle of Crystal Springs, before the defenses of Washington, July 13, 1864. His father and mother, Eli and Sybil Jones, are distinguished Quaker ministers, having as missionaries visited most of the United States and British Provinces, England, Ireland, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Liberia in Africa. Taught in childhood the peace theories of Barclay and Penn, he passed the limits of his father's library, with an active and naturally martial mind, which found in ancient and modern battles for freedom and human rights more genial subjects for study. Desirous, but unable, to go to the Military Academy, with wonderful persistency he fitted himself for College, committing most of the Latin and Greek Grammar, while walking the distance of two miles, between his father's house and the school. He entered the Friends College at Haverford, Pennsylvania, in 1851, and left in two years because of pecuniary embarrassments. In one year from this time we find him a Junior in Michigan University; and in 1856 he was graduated the first classical scholar in his class, and immediately elected Tutor of Ancient Languages both in his *alma mater* and at Haverford College. These positions he declined, and opened a family school, in which he continued until his duty to his country called him forth.

In August, 1861, he went into the service as Captain. This step was opposed by his family and friends, without in the least shaking his purpose to go. He was in nearly every battle of his glorious regiment, and, a comrade tells us, was always in front when duty called. He particularly distinguished himself at Antietam in a charge made by his regiment, again in the second battle of Fredericksburg, and lastly in the battle of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania; in the former of which engagements his regiment, with him at the head, was the first that stopped the panic in the Sixth Corps; in the latter he received a ball through his right arm. He came home, but in a few days returned to the front, having still no use of his arm, although his furlough continued three or four weeks longer.

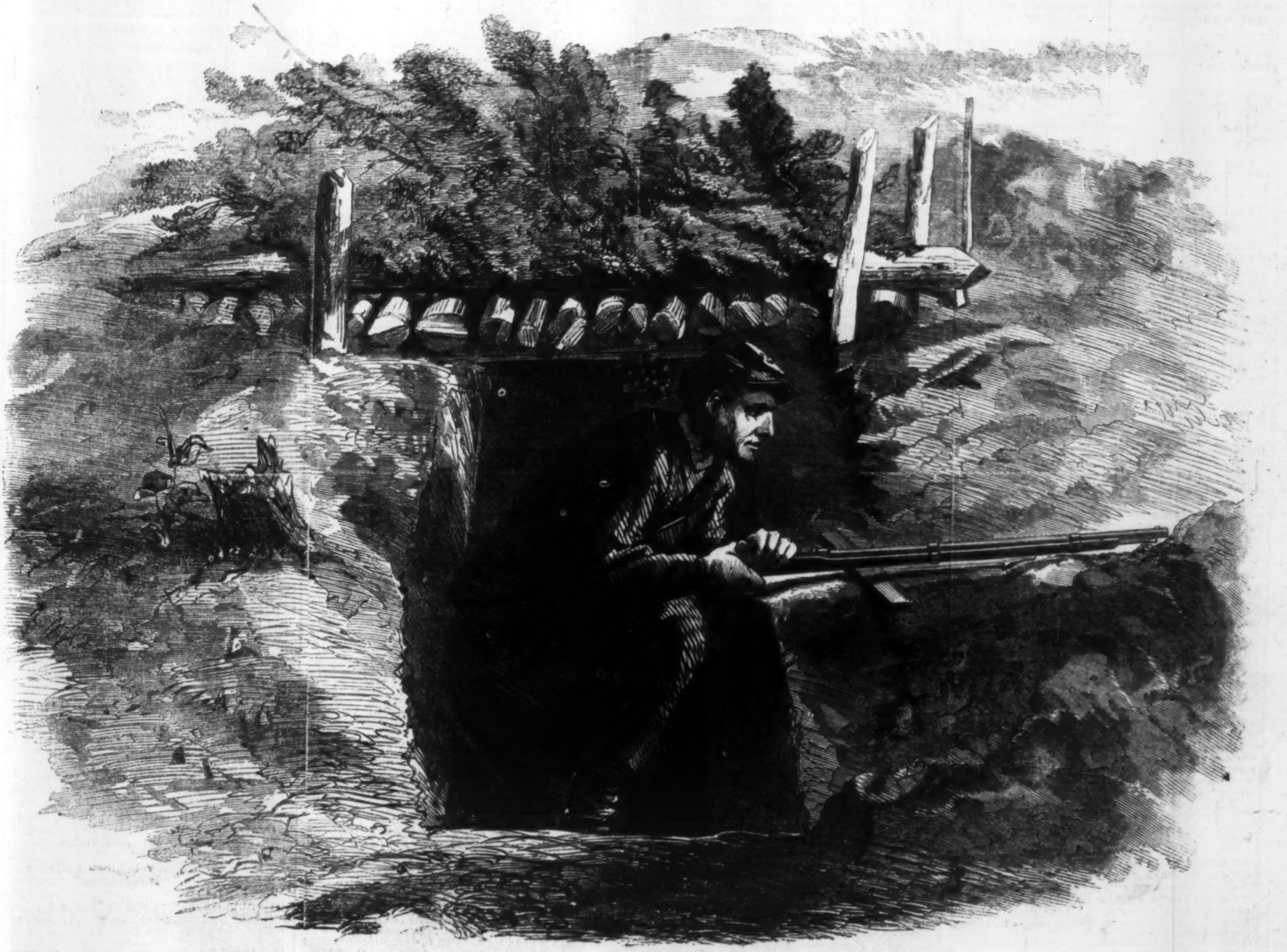
Only a few days passed after his return before the sad tidings came that he was dead, accompanied by these few words to his friends: "I die for my country, and am willing to die. All is well with me. Tell my boy never to disgrace the name of his father." Thus fell, facing the foe in front of the Capital, with an imperishable record, a brilliant scholar, a brave soldier, and an unfaltering patriot.

UNION REFUGEES.

We give on page 708 a sketch representing Union refugees coming into the Federal lines. Although General Sherman would not permit the residents of Atlanta to remain there, yet neither he nor any other of our generals has refused to receive into his lines those flying from the hard despotism and misery which have blighted the Southern Confederacy. These refugees, whether they come from Richmond or from the Southwest, are invariably provided for in every possible way, and are not in any case compelled to enter our armies. The number of these helpless ones must continually increase as the pressure of our conquering armies bears more and more heavily on the rebel strong-holds. The rebel conscription grows daily harder and more merciless in its provisions, and there are thousands of women and children who must inevitably be left without husband or brother or father to feed or defend them, and their only hope will be in escaping to the North.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions with our armies in the field devote no small measure of their attention to these refugees, who have large claims on their charity and kindness. In many cases they have borne obloquy on account of their devotion to the old flag; and we should receive them as heroes who have served our glorious cause. There are in the South many such, of whom we must remember that

> "They also serve who only stand and wait."



BOMB-PROOF RIFLE-PIT IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The learned Professor Porson had a great horror of the east wind, and Tom Sheridan is said to have once kept him a prisoner in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weather-cock in that direction.

Slow newspapers are sometimes printed upon fast presses.

Policemen, although their general health is good, are much troubled with *felons on their hands.*

Which is the most powerful, the earth or the sea?—The sea, of course, it has such heaps of *muscles.*

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously picking the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that undressing," replied the crazy fellow. The cook looked reflective.

THE WINE DUTY.—Help yourself and pass the bottle

If you want to be lionized go into the wilds of Africa.

The following verse commemorates the not uncommon misfortune of a hungry urchin:

"There was a small boy of Pawtucket,
He bought him an orange to suck it;
He had a long nose,
And as you may suppose,
Into the orange he stuck it."

A sexton was lately asked how trade was with him. He replied that it was "Verra bad—nowt doing hardly." "Why, how's that?" asked the other. "Well, thee sees," answered the sexton, "poverty seldom dies. There's far more kilt wi' o'er-hettin' an' o'er-drinkin' nor there is wi' bein' pinched."

An inveterate old bachelor says ships are called "she" because they always keep a man on the look-out.

A sick dog isn't generally strengthened by a course of bark.

Time is money; of course it is, or how could you "spend an evening?"

Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation?—Because you first *kill* and then *cure* him

"Billy, my boy, can't you eat a little more?" "Well, perhaps I could if I stood up, mother."

According to the articles of war it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

Why is the letter *s* likely to prove dangerous in argument?—Because it turns *words* into *swords!*

Last Sunday little Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put in the contribution box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

The man who makes a business of raising pork for market may be said to live by his *pen.*

If you want to kindle the *flame* of love in a lady's breast you must *spark* her till she is eager for a *match.*

Why should a man with a termagant wife be accounted a smart fellow?—Because he's a *shrewed* individual.

A "FEMALE DETECTIVE."—A Finer.

An Irish painter declares that, among other portraits, he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

Respect every body's feelings. If you wish to have your laundress's address, avoid asking her where she "hangs out."

The telegrams that come *via* Philadelphia to New York are generally *re-lied* on.

It is stated that at a Newark debating society a wheelwright was by far the best spokes-man.

A burned child hates the fire, but a man who has been singed by Cupid's torch always has a sneaking kindness for the *old flame.*

The girls are *uniformly* attracted to dashing military men.

Why is a hive like a spectator at a show?—Because it is a bee-holder (*beholder*).

A MAN OF STRAW—Will-o'-the-wisp.

The minister who divides his sermon into seven heads finds it difficult to get *attentive ears* for all of them.

WELL MATCHED.—An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate: one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

Why is Asia like a negro's mouth?—Because it abounds in *gum and ivory.*

What letter in the alphabet compels a man to laugh?—The letter S—it makes nigger snigger.

Why isn't a Joint Stock Company like a watch?—Because it does not go on after it's wound up.

It took six days' continuous labor to make the world, but to make it over again would only be a *recreation.*

A PERSON OF "TAKING MANNERS."—A Thief.

He must be a strong general who can storm and carry a fortress.

Why was Hamlet so courageous in addressing his father's ghost?—Because he was not particular to a shade.

"People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs. Partington, "and how they can fat up on it; for my part, I think it is owing to the vittles. Air may do for camomiles and other reptiles that live on it. But I know that men must have something more substantialer."

A country gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep in an arbor. "What!" says the master, "asleep, you idle dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the *shade.*"

A young Hibernian friend of ours, who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a gal-vanic battery

A despairing man tears his hair. An enraged woman is wiser—she tears her husband's.

We once heard a woman of the world say, "The state of widowhood is inconvenient; for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl without being able to feign her ignorance."

When may a cheese be said to resemble majesty?—When it is *high* and *mity.*

IN THE WILDERNESS.

ALL day long the battle raged,
With clang of guns and bugle's breath,
In the tangled swamps of the Wilderness,
Through dusky thickets dim with death.
All day the fierce tide surged and swung,
With crash and shriek and cannon's tone,
While far along the glimmering lines
Proudly our golden eagles shone.

The rifle-pits swarmed black with men,
And like the sheeted August rain,
A stinging storm of iron hail
Beat on our steadfast line in vain.
And up the mid-May's blinding blue,
That spans life's infinite, poor desire
With the great calm of God, the shells
Made trailing, long-drawn arcs of fire.

Our batteries crowned the slanting ridge—
Too dense the woods for gunner's aim—
Save here and there a random shot,
From brazen lips no answer came.
And grim with smoke and powder-stain
The strong-limbed, dusty cannoniers
Leaned, eager, on their idle guns,
And heard their distant comrades' cheers.

Far to the rear the sandy road
Ran northward to the distant town;
No battle-clamor stirred the air,
And the land wore its spring-time crown
Of beauty, song, and blossom's flush,
While young leaves made a tender gloom
Where robins sang and roadside banks
Were whitened with the clover's bloom.

Under a brown-stemmed chestnut-tree,
That made a green tent overhead,
A young boy, on the cool, soft grass,
Stretched shattered limbs that ached and bled;
Full young to wear a soldier's blue,
And share a patriot's toils and fears,
Yet strong in that large growth of soul
That comes not with the added years.

And as he lay in helpless pain,
His marching days forever done,
He reached a feeble hand and plucked
The violets dreaming in the sun,
Meekly, in blue-eyed families,
And at their fragrance in his heart
A mist of memories rose, that made
Quick tears to manly eyelids start.

The low swell of New England hills—
The old home-farm—the orchard, fair
With wreaths of tinted apple-blooms,
And just beyond, the meadow where
He found the first spring violets
In happy, boyish days long-gone,
But unforgot, ere through the land
War's fiery trumpet had been blown.

His gray-haired mother, on her knees
Praying the dear God night and day
For him, her bright-eyed, latest born—
God bless and keep him safe alway!
A thought of home and mother-love,
And through the mid-May's shining calm
A great peace folded softly down,
Like the low music of a psalm.

On his tired heart in infinite rest;
And centred in the calm divine
Of happy Nature's sweet, blind trust,
He saw Faith's golden promise shine,
That He who made those simple flowers
To blossom in the Wilderness
Would look upon His helpless child
With eyes of pitying tenderness.

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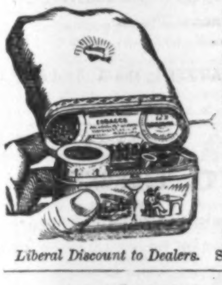

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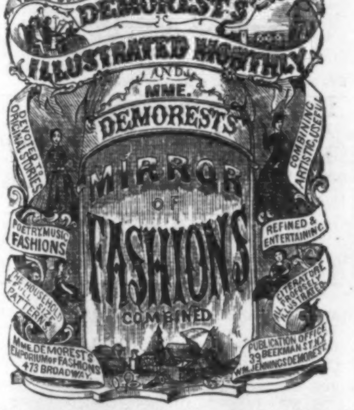
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